

# PUNCH

9d



Picasso  
Birthday Number

# STAYING IN LONDON



## At the centre of things

It is such a saving of time — and patience — to have a room in London's newest hotel. At the heart of the West End, you are close to everything, yet quietly secluded from the noise and bustle of heavy traffic. Your room is furnished to provide a pleasant centre for all your London activities. Every room has a private bathroom and shower. Rates from £3.10.0. single, £6.0.0. double. No service charge. Private Salons for cocktail party or conference. Member of C.C.F. Phone Mayfair 7755. Cables Westburotl, London. If you would like us to send a brochure, write Guest Service 21, The Westbury, Bond Street, London, W.1.

# the Westbury

THE LONDON HOTEL WITH A NEW CONCEPTION OF SERVICE



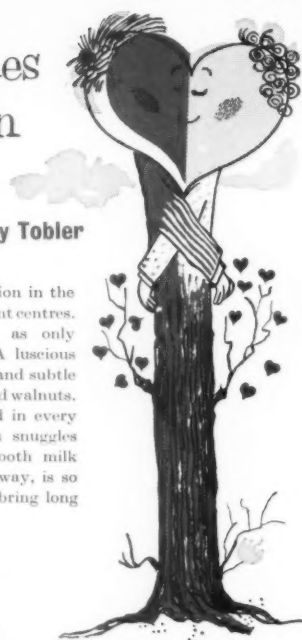
## fifteen times temptation

Each, quite irresistibly, by Tobler

Temptation by Tobler: temptation in the shape of fifteen deliciously different centres.

A hazelnut praline, mellow as only Jamaica Rum can make it. A luscious almond fudge. A cream smooth and subtle with the elusive flavour of crushed walnuts.

These and more you will find in every box of Tobler Ballerina. Each snuggles deep in the smoothest of smooth milk chocolate. Each, in its unique way, is so good that simply choosing can bring long moments of delight.



ask for

# Tobler

# Ballerina CHOCOLATES

MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS TOBLERONE



## WHY SHOULD WE KEEP IT UNDER OUR HAT?



So many people have used Coseley Standard Buildings that the word has got around — they are the complete answer to most accommodation problems. Send now for full details, or, better still, ask for a technical representative to call.

# COSELEY

# ENGINEERING CO. LTD.

LANESFIELD · WOLVERHAMPTON

Telephone: BILSTON 41927 (6 lines)

LONDON OFFICE: 41/46 Piccadilly, W.1.


Telephone: REG. 4924 5.6.



**A**ustralorp, Rhode Island, Leghorn, Sussex; there is hardly a part of the world that has not contributed something to the vocabulary of poultry raising. And farmer tending chickens is a traditional scene as valid for Kent as for Carolina or the Cape. In recent times, however, the scene has changed in one small, but important, particular. The meal now comes to the farm in paper sacks—multiwall sacks, strong, of several thicknesses—that bring the feed clean and then go for burning. Quietly, these paper sacks have effected a revolution in the hygienic carriage of all kinds of materials, from poultry meal to chemical powders. And this revolution is by no means confined to farming. Manufacturers now use Bowater packaging for all manner of goods. Shop windows, shelves and counters are gayer, neater, cleaner—thanks to protective Bowater wrappings.

The tree from the far-off Bowater forest is much more today than just a provider of newsprint. Your cleansing tissues, madam; your hardboard, sir; all owe their origin to that most versatile of raw materials—timber.



*The harvest of the forest is given many forms by* **BOWATERS** 

THE BOWATER PAPER CORPORATION LIMITED

Great Britain United States of America Canada Australia South Africa Republic of Ireland Norway Sweden

Ginger ale  
or Soda?



**Mr Brandyman makes a  
luxurious long drink with either...**

More and more people are finding a new and very special pleasure in Brandy as a long drink. At the smartest parties, in the most hospitable homes, Mr. Brandyman introduces just the right note

*Make friends with*  
**MARTELL**

*"Over nineteen years*

*I have used these Veldtschoen during shooting trips in many parts of the world, in addition to nine winters in England. They show little sign of their rough and heavy wear."*

23/4/48



105/-

**LOTUS Veldtschoen**

*The only all-leather shoe*  
**GUARANTEED WATERPROOF**

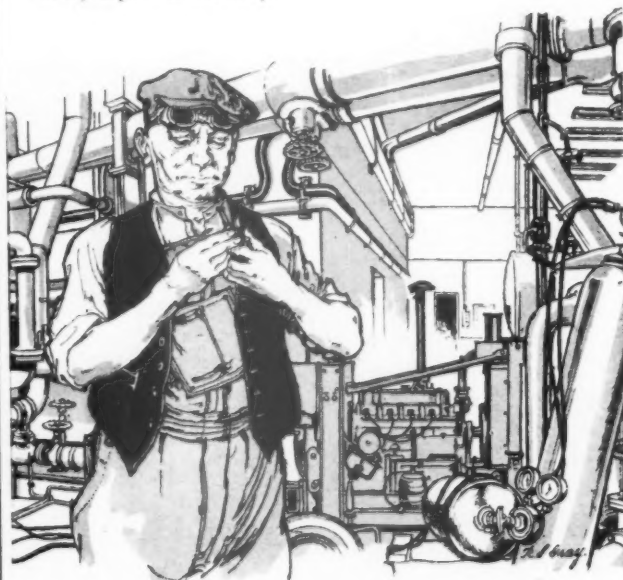
LOTUS LTD  
STAFFORD

## Industrial Pipework

The welder pauses to light up. He's working on the fifth mile of piping being installed by Thos. W. Ward Ltd. in a vast new chemical works. Cooler, condensers, steam drums, boilers and similar equipment are all part of the Ward contract. The supply of industrial plant of this kind has been a speciality of Wards almost since they were founded three-quarters of a century ago.

Practically every type of static industrial plant is supplied by Wards. Much of it is specially made for the job. In the manufacture and conversion of industrial plant, the resources of the entire Ward group are at the disposal of industry.

This is just one activity of the Ward Group of Companies; their products and services cover every aspect of industry.



**THOS. W. WARD LTD**

ALBION WORKS · SHEFFIELD

London Office · Brettenham House · Lancaster Place · Strand W.C.2



SERVING INDUSTRY AROUND THE WORLD



BY APPOINTMENT CIGAR MERCHANTS  
TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI.  
JOHN COTTON LTD.

*John Cotton*

*has been making the  
finest smoking tobaccos  
since 1770*

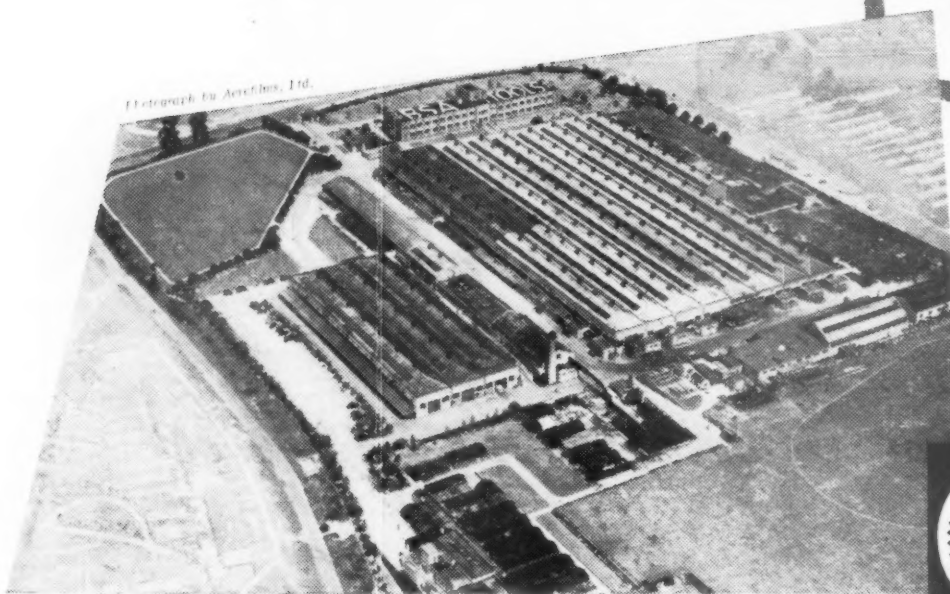
The man who smokes a pipe is, usually, a man of few words. Among those who are most particular about the words they use, and the tobacco they smoke, just two words are found to suffice—*John Cotton*—words that for close on two hundred years have signified the utmost skill of the blender's art, the fullest enjoyment of smoking.

NOS. 1 & 2 MIXTURE, MEDIUM  
NO. 1 MIXTURE, MILD  
NO. 2 MIXTURE, STRONG  
LOOSE CUT FLAKE

} *All 5/2½d per ounce*

J O H N   C O T T O N   O F   E D I N B U R G H

## when business has its problems...



*Photograph by Aerobics, Ltd.*

*Aerial view of works and offices F.S.A. TOOLS, LTD.  
of Birmingham, who use B & A machines in their business.*



You have been in business a long time. You know all the moves. Yet every day brings new problems, demanding new answers. For thirty years B & A have been providing such answers . . . following every move towards mechanised productivity, offering new methods of control, and moving the office towards mechanised efficiency. The B & A range of business equipment is used throughout British Industry; the B & A systems organisation has designed efficient production control methods for large and small firms; and many an office is grateful to its B & A business machine for time and labour saved. Next time your progress is checked don't admit to stalemate until you have had a chance to see the B & A range. Drop us a line and let us send you full details.

**you need**

*Banda* **in your business**

The Block and Anderson range comprises BANDA spirit duplicators, BANDA Systems machines for selective reproduction, FACIT and MARCHANT calculators, VICTOR adding machines, BANDAVELOP photocopying equipment, PRODUC-TROL and PLANFLEX visual control boards, BANDAMAIL mailroom machines, BANDAFOLD folding machines, BANDASHRED document destroying machines, FLEXO-WRITER tape operated automatic writing machines for data processing and JUSTO-WRITER automatic composing machines.

# **BLOCK & ANDERSON LIMITED**

58/60 KENSINGTON CHURCH STREET, LONDON, W.8

Branch Offices in

Telephone: WESTern 7250 (10 lines)

BELFAST, BIRMINGHAM, BRISTOL, CARDIFF, DUBLIN, DUNDEE, EDINBURGH, EXETER, GLASGOW, LEEDS, LEICESTER, LIVERPOOL, LUTON, MANCHESTER, NEWCASTLE, NOTTINGHAM, PRESTON, SHEFFIELD, SOUTHAMPTON, STOKE-ON-TRENT



Six foot three. Six centuries old and more,  
if you follow the family back ...

though there's no need.

For here is a very English  
tall Englishman of today,  
with Norman-French far distant,  
and artistry close to hand.

Knows a lot about glass.

And what goes into glass. Try him ...



Good day to you, Henry. Busy?

*On this busy afternoon? The answer is yes ...  
also that I can think of nothing nicer than  
a Martini. You'll join me?*

Yes again—and choose my own glass as well!  
The third on the left, over there ... with the  
white and gold tracery. Do you do  
these yourself? They're most beautiful.

*I design them ... organise them ... market them ...  
The sheer skill comes from my craftsmen.  
Now, to match the size and the shape of the  
one in your hand I'd suggest ...  
let me see ... Martini, straight, dry, cool!*

Just by itself? That's thought reading.

*It's a trend. Continental, no doubt. But it's  
growing here, and I met it a lot in America.  
"Dry Martini for you?" they'd say,  
"... or a real Martini Dry, Lord Audley?"*

**Better drink**

**MARTINI**

**Dry or Sweet**



# LOOKING IN ON THE NAVY NO.4



## NIGHT DECK LANDING



**S**AFELY home through the darkness! That we can today take that safety so much for granted depends in a large part on two recent innovations.

The first is the Mirror Sight. Coming in to land, the pilot sees a white light reflected in a concave mirror on the port side of the deck. By keeping this light aligned with a horizontal row of coloured lights on either side of the mirror, he knows that his approach path is correct.

The second is the Audio in the plane. This sends out a continuous note as long as his approach speed is correct and warns him of any error with a distracting signal.

Yet with all the mechanical help in the world it must be admitted that night operations at sea will always call for the very fastest thinking and an exceptionally high degree of piloting skill.

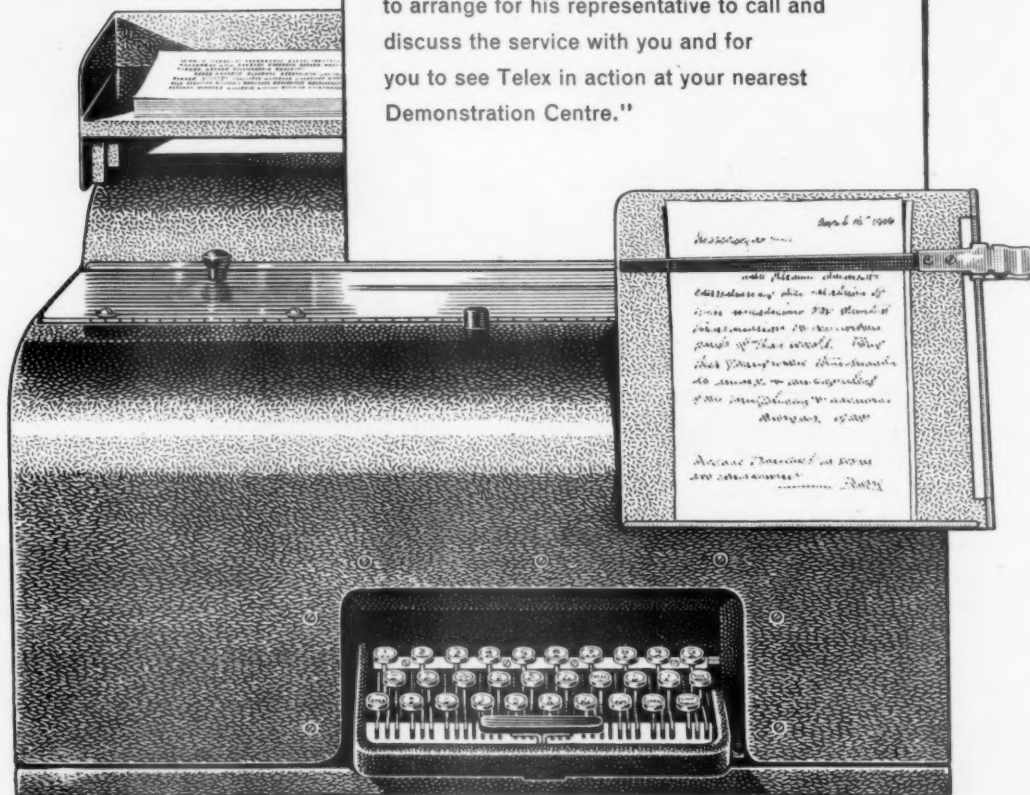


# "Gentlemen, we are installing TELEX"

*"and about time too"  
muttered the Sales Director.*

Every day more and more commercial and industrial organisations are becoming Telex subscribers. Go-ahead concerns can no longer afford to be without this new communication system that combines the speed of the telephone with the authority of the printed word. Telex is a 24-hour Post Office Teleprinter Service that enables you to exchange messages with any other Telex subscriber either at home or overseas. A Telex call to a subscriber beyond a 25-mile radius costs about half as much as a telephone call of the same duration. Most overseas calls, too, are cheaper than their telephone equivalents. Telex requires no special staff; a competent typist is an efficient operator after the briefest instruction.

"Are you on Telex yet? If not, shouldn't you be? Ask for the Telex booklet from your local Telephone Manager or from the address below. Your Telephone Manager will be pleased to arrange for his representative to call and discuss the service with you and for you to see Telex in action at your nearest Demonstration Centre."



G.P.O. TELEX SALES · HEADQUARTERS BUILDING · ST. MARTINS LE GRAND · LONDON, E.C.1  
Telex No. 2-2011-Answer-back: PO HQ LDN—Telephone: HEAdquarters 4616.

## DAISEE JUTE

## suits everyone

**L**ow cunning helps haute couture to sculpt in tweed and flannel. Jute helps too. Jute that shapes and holds and stiffens; that makes the lining that moulds the latest line; that keeps a suit in the form it started with and makes it wear for years.

That's jute all over. Anonymous, it hides beneath your lino and your carpet. Pseudonymous, it comes as rope, or twine, or hessian, or scrim. It may even be lining your shoes—and stiffening the peak of your cap.

Astonishing, is jute. No fanfares blare for it. No poet yet has sung its praises. Yet humbly it does its work, sustaining the tenuous, prolonging the fleeting, strengthening the frail. Workaday, wonderful jute!



**JUTE INDUSTRIES LTD.**

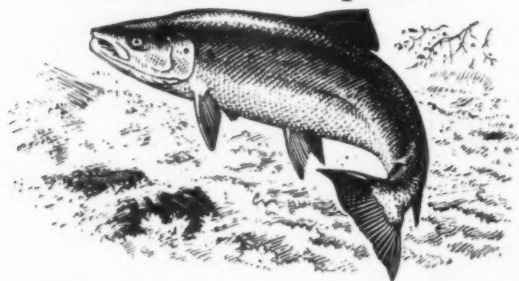
There may be an application of jute to your business. Why not write to us:—

—makers of jute bags and sacks; twines, cords and ropes; yarns for woven carpets; cloth for tufted carpets and needle-felts, for backing linoleum, for tarpaulins; roofing felt, damp-courses and plasterers' scrim; webbing; and cotton belting.

**JUTE INDUSTRIES LIMITED, MEADOW PLACE BUILDINGS, DUNDEE**



## Nature's Masterpieces



can be instantly recognised—so can  
**HARRIS TWEED**  
A masterpiece of Man and Nature

## THIS IS HOW ▶

Look for the Harris Tweed Trade Mark. It is a Certification Mark and, as such, has been granted with the approval of the Board of Trade. THE MARK warrants that the tweed to which it is applied is made from virgin Scottish wool, spun, dyed, hand-woven and finished IN THE OUTER HEBRIDES. Beware of imitations.



LOOK FOR THIS MARK ON THE CLOTH

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL ON THE GARMENT

Issued by THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LIMITED

**ABDULLA**  
NUMBER SEVEN  
7  
"Virginia"  
A BLEND OF VIRGINIA AND OTHER CHOICE TOBACCOS

**ABDULLA**  
NUMBER SEVEN  
4/- for 20

•ABDULLA - MAKE THE BEST VIRGINIA CIGARETTES•

# An open fire—



**but no smoke!**



No smoke, no grime, no smuts, no sooty dust. Just a bright cheerful blaze giving out a fine steady heat. Absolutely smokeless, so the whole house is cleaner. And your hands stay clean however often you see to the fire (and that *isn't* very often, because a coke fire is steady-burning and long-lasting, overnight if you want it!). Coke's efficient, too: you get more heat for your money than with any other fuel. Hot water?—a coke fire with a back boiler provides lashings of it. The latest models are on view in your local Gas Showroom, handsome as well as efficient. They'll save

## SMOKELESS AREAS

UNDER THE CLEAN AIR ACT (1956) some areas may become 'smokeless areas' where only smokeless fuels may be used. Coke, a most efficient and economical smokefree fuel, is perfectly suited for all kinds of heating in new or converted premises of whatever size and purpose.

- you time, trouble and money: your fuel
- bills will go down while your comfort
- goes up. There's nothing, nothing at all,
- to beat coke.

**COKE is smokeless!**



*Invest in*

# SAFETY

*with a national  
institution . . .*

## ABBEX NATIONAL

*offers 3½% Income Tax Paid  
on Share Accounts—  
equal to £6.1.9%  
where Income Tax is paid  
at the Standard Rate*

Any sum from £1 to £5,000 is accepted.  
Write now for a copy of the Society's  
Investment Booklet.

## ABBEX NATIONAL

**BUILDING SOCIETY**

*Member of the Building Societies Association*

**A national institution with total assets of £237,000,000**

ABBEX HOUSE · BAKER ST · LONDON N.W.1 · Tel: WELbeck 8282

Branch and other offices throughout the United Kingdom  
See local telephone directory for address of nearest office

CVS-415

By appointment to Her Majesty the Queen,  
Scotch Whisky Distillers, John Walker & Sons, Ltd.



Thank you  
**Johnnie Walker**  
—there's no better drink  
than the smooth  
round whisky in the  
square bottle

*Born 1820—still going strong*

*Maximum prices as fixed by the Scotch Whisky Association*



**LOVELY WEATHER FOR...**



# CRITTALL

The sign of a  
well built house

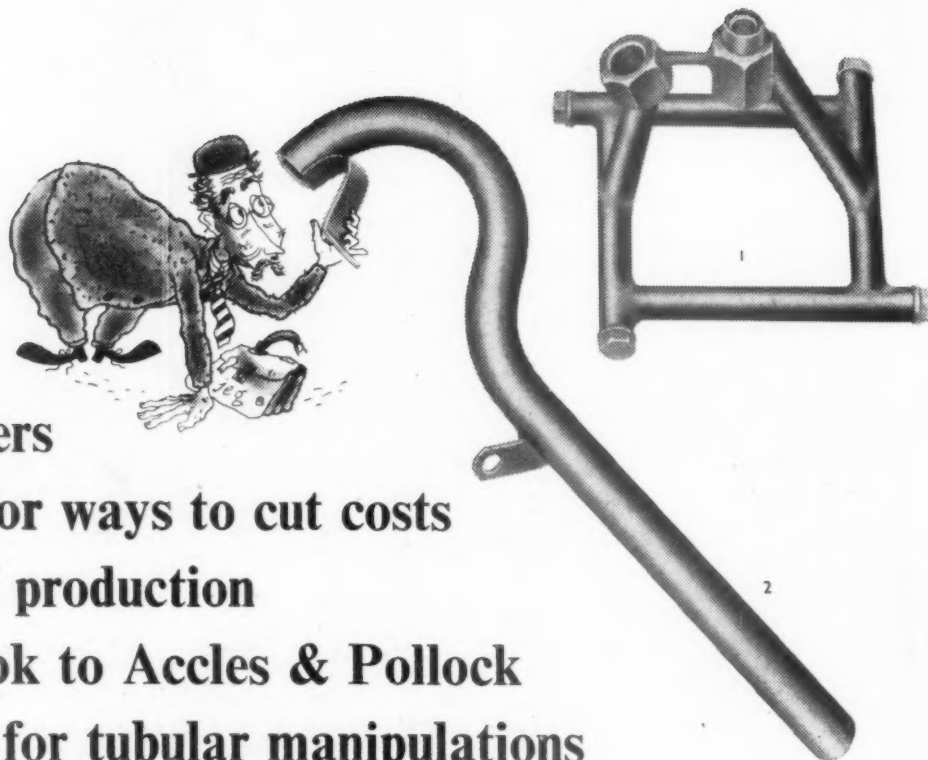
**POSITIVELY RUSTPROOFED METAL WINDOWS**

*There is a helpful booklet on metal windows available, and also, for gardeners, a leaflet (179a) on Crittall 'Cadet' greenhouses. Why not write today for either or both of these?*



THE CRITTALL MANUFACTURING CO LTD · BRAINTREE · ESSEX · BRANCHES AND DEPOTS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

THW 11



## Manufacturers looking for ways to cut costs of production should look to Accles & Pollock for tubular manipulations

It has happened times without number—it still happens every week—that a job that used to be complicated and costly (or even too difficult to contemplate producing by ordinary means) has become simple and relatively inexpensive when tackled in steel tubes made by Accles & Pollock.

It is one of the many advantages of steel tubes that, in the hands of Accles & Pollock, they are so versatile in their shapes and applications. When you add to that the saving in weight, the gain in strength, and the elimination of much machining and assembly time it is not to be wondered at that overall costs so often come down. If you will consult Accles & Pollock with the problem they can usually provide a good answer, not only in straight and straightforward tubing, but in tubing shaped, manipulated, or fabricated to meet any precise special need.

## Accles & Pollock LTD

OLDBURY · BIRMINGHAM · A  COMPANY

Makers and manipulators of precision tubes in plain carbon, alloy and stainless steels, and other metals.

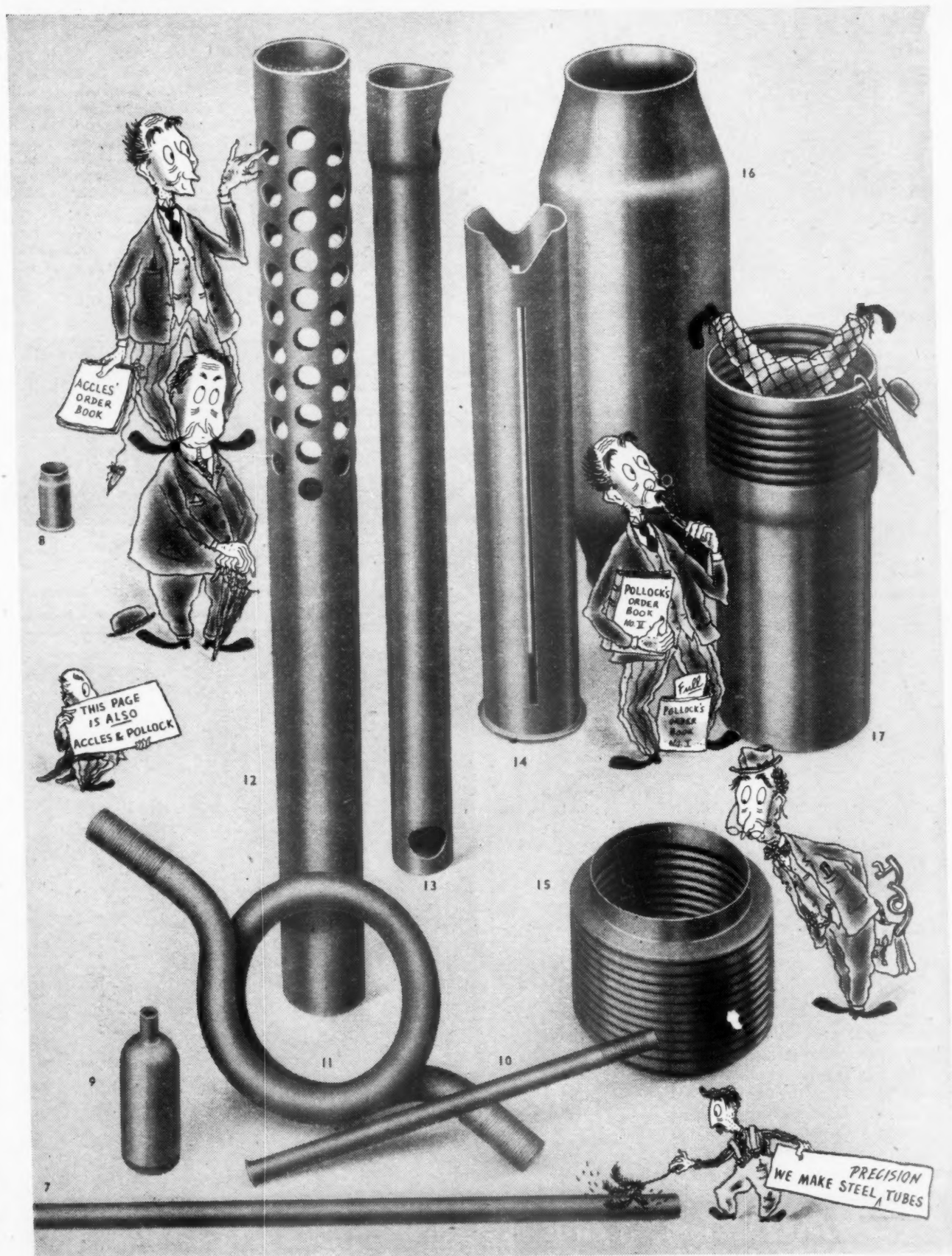
- 1 Tubular burner for field kitchens
- 2 Car crankcase vent outlet tube
- 3 Textile dyeing cone
- 4 Vacuum cleaner component
- 5 Electric light bulb holder
- 6 Valve spring body tube for hydraulic pit prop
- 7 Plunger tube—textile industry
- 8 Component used on aircraft instrument panel
- 9 Steel bottle for blood transfusion apparatus
- 10 Motor-car dipstick tube
- 11 Bull ring syphon bend
- 12 Barrel casing tube for sub-machine gun
- 13 Refrigerator component
- 14 Motor-car hand brake cover tube

- 15 Annularly convoluted seamless stainless steel tubing—component part of flexible joint assembly
- 16 Fire extinguisher body tube
- 17 Oil exploration shot-hole casing



THIS MATCH GIVES SCALE TO TUBES







In thirty hours you  
can be here!

Ceylon's natural loveliness of  
landscape and seascape must  
really be seen to be believed.

There are sports for every age  
and taste—big-game hunting,  
spear-fishing, golf, cricket,  
swimming and surfing, pic-  
nicking, racing, dancing, with  
notable events each season.

You can breakfast in London  
and dine in Ceylon next day.

## No place like Ceylon..

Of this is and paradise a British Prime  
Minister declared: *I am enraptured  
by your enchanting country... I  
cannot recall any place to equal it.*

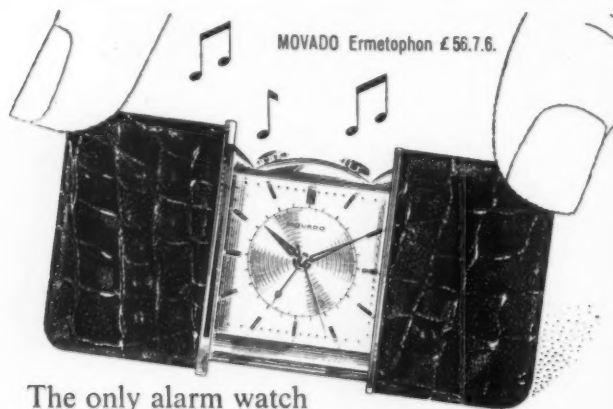
Its glorious all-summer climate gives  
you the choice of a tropical 80° on the  
beaches to a bracing 60° on the hills.

To explore Ceylon's 2000-year-old  
survivals of its once mighty cities,  
temples, monuments, to witness its  
gorgeous pageantries and festivals, to  
share in its wealth of other attractions,  
to avail yourself of its fine accommo-  
dation and courteous service assure  
a holiday unique and unforgettable.

# Ceylon

Brochure Free

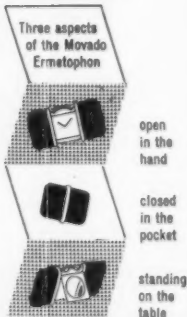
Apply Travel Agents or Ceylon House, Hyde Park Gardens, London, W.2  
GOVERNMENT TOURIST BUREAU, COLOMBO 3, CEYLON



MOVADO Ermetophon £56.7.6.

The only alarm watch  
with both watch  
and alarm fully automatic

For 24 hours out of 24 the Movado  
Ermetophon renders invaluable service:  
in the morning its melodious ring  
awakes you, during the day it reminds  
you of your important engagements,  
and in the evening and for formal  
occasions as a pocket watch the Er-  
metophon is always right.



**MOVADO** ermetophon



## BEST THING ON YOUR T.V.!

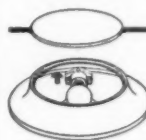
A R.E.A.L. Plinth Light on top of  
your T.V. Set brings an instant relief  
from eyestrain without interfering  
with the brightness of the picture. It  
provides a soft, mellow light that—  
whilst unobtrusive—is just sufficient  
to combat the disturbing effect of  
viewing a screen on a background of  
total darkness.

The Plinth, too, is a delightful form  
of decoration for any room, and forms  
economical subdued lighting for halls,  
corridors and stairways—for it re-  
quires only a 15 watt lamp.

Finished in a choice of Pastel Cream;  
Gilt Lustre; Eggshell Black; Pastel  
Blue or Pastel Rose—and FOUR NEW  
CONTEMPORARY COLOURS: Willow  
Green; Cherry Red; Dove Grey or  
Citron Yellow. Each Plinth with shock-  
proof porcelain lampholder, heavy  
pressed glass diffusing plate and three  
yards of flexible cord.

**THE  
R.E.A.L.  
PLINTH LIGHT**

Pat. No. 659,876



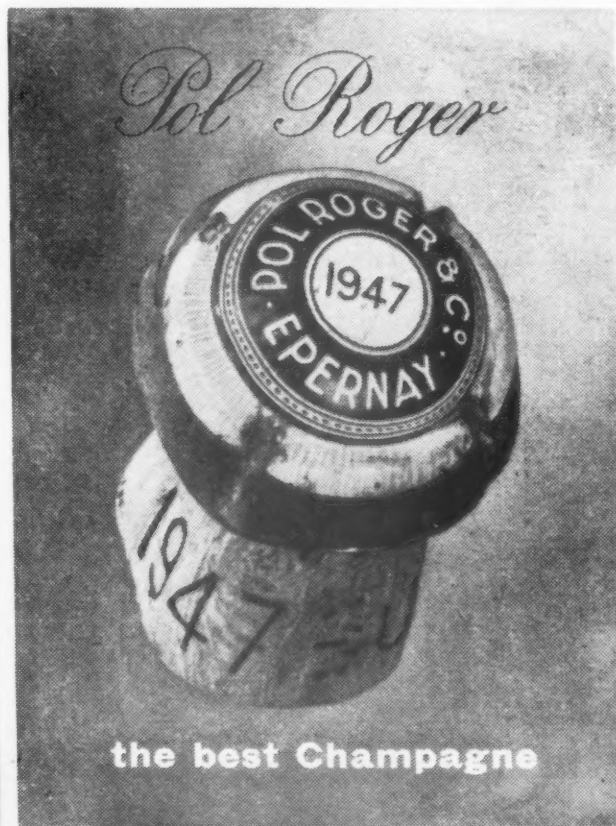
The R.E.A.L.  
STANDARD PLINTH  
11 1/2" dia. at base  
36/9 Tax Paid

The R.E.A.L.  
JUNIOR PLINTH  
6 1/2" dia. at base  
28/- Tax Paid

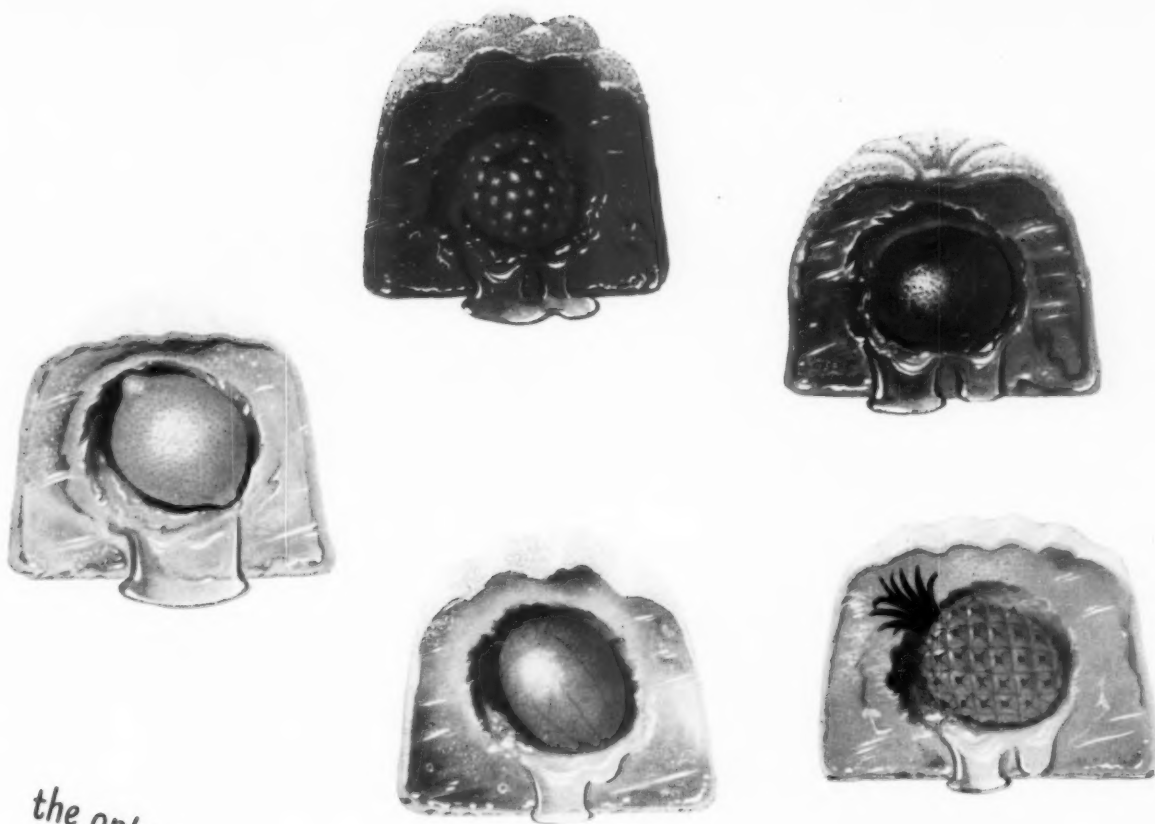


**MOST GOOD ELECTRICAL AND RADIO STORES CAN SUPPLY**

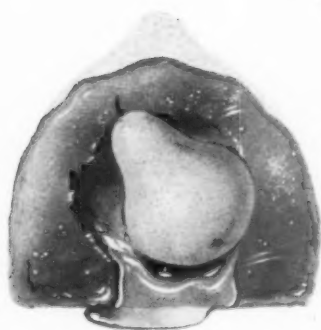
Issued by Rowlands Electrical Accessories Ltd., R.E.A.L. Works, BIRMINGHAM 18, ENGLAND



the best Champagne



the only sweets with these lovely liquid centres...



# MELITIS *New Berry Fruits*

● MELTIS LTD · BEDFORD AND LONDON

You'll be happy with your

G.E.C.

home

### *'Cosyglo' Electric Fire*

Quickly banish those sudden autumn chills! A flick of the switch—and, at once, the 'Cosyglo' electric fire starts to distribute its generous heat evenly all round the room. This all-round warmth—as cosy at the sides as in front—comes from its very special reflector, patented by the G.E.C. and designed to give you and your guests real comfort in cool autumn and coldest winter.

**Look at it.** See how attractive it is. Think how well it would look in your home. There is a comprehensive range of 'Cosyglo' fires—portable or wall fixing. And the good looks of a 'Cosyglo' last because it's soundly, strongly constructed for long life and good service. See them at your usual electrical supplier.

**Safety Assured.** All G.E.C. fires comply with The Heating Appliances (Fireguards) Regulations 1953.

*D2812 'Cosyglo' Pedestal Fire £7.1.9 tax paid*



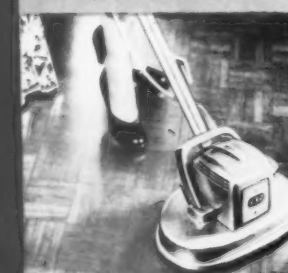
*Double-insulated cleaner  
£24.3.6 (tax paid)*



*Designed for beauty hairdryer  
£5.2.5 (tax paid)*



*Superspeed kettle  
£5.0.7 (tax paid)*



*Double-insulated floor polisher  
£29.10.0 (tax paid)*

● Write for descriptive literature on the full range of G.E.C. Household Electric Appliances to The General Electric Co. Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

**Travel?**



**.. of course!**

Trade Showrooms: 22 BROOK STREET, LONDON, W.1.

**For your throat...**

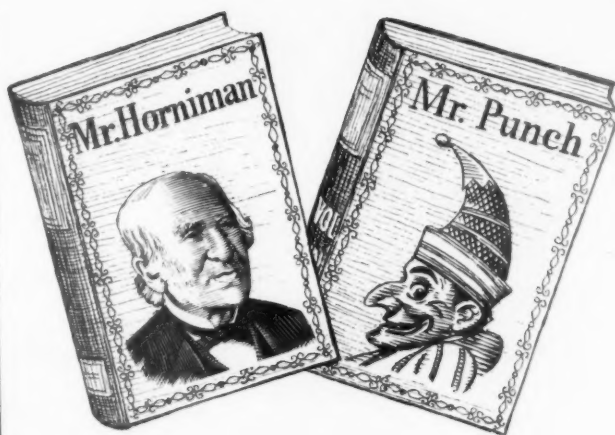
**Allenbury's  
PASTILLES**

Made from Glycerine and Blackcurrants

In tins  
From all  
Chemists **1/9**



Made by Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London, E.2



**EMINENT VICTORIANS  
AND  
GREAT CONTEMPORARIES**

Mr. Punch and Mr. Horniman are the authors of two classics which today are still best sellers. In Mr. Punch's pages you will find perennial wit and wisdom. In Mr. Horniman's leaves, sheer poetry. Their fine flavour, agreeable nature and many distinguished qualities have set a standard by which others are judged. What indeed would Britain be without its sense of humour - typified by Mr. Punch - or its cup of tea - perfected by Mr. Horniman?

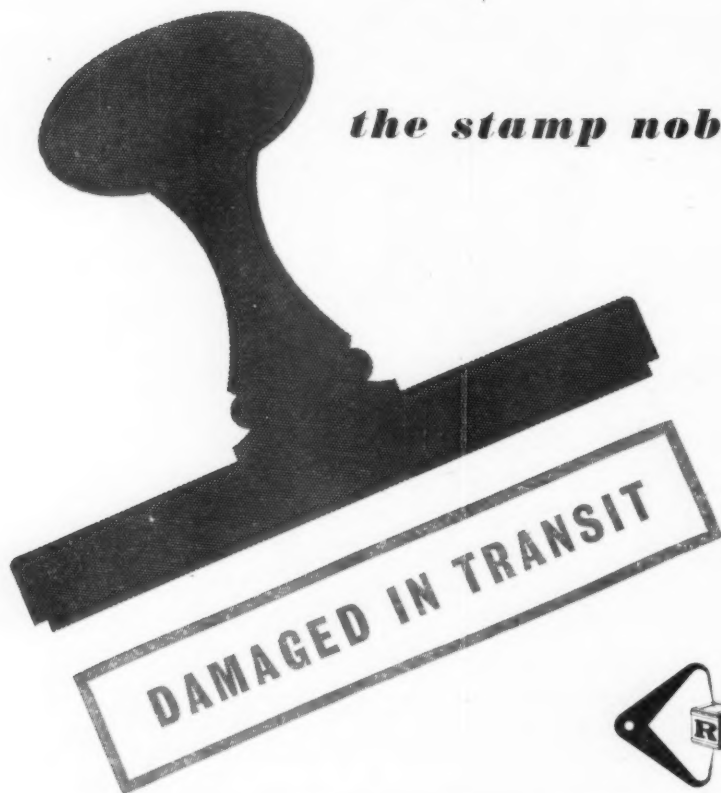


**HORNIMANS**

ESTABLISHED 1826

*Rich and Fragrant*

W. H. & F. J. HORNIMAN & CO. LTD. SHEPHERDESS WALK N.1



## *the stamp nobody wants to collect*

It's the expensive stamp that nobody can afford. It's the stamp that tells a story of rejected goods, lost profits and broken goodwill. It's the stamp that can be avoided by discussing your packing problems with us. We believe that packing is a highly scientific business, if goods are to be **completely** protected during transit. We employ nearly a thousand people in acres of packing and storing space for the purpose of not only packing goods but protecting them as well, against every type of climatic and transport hazard they are likely to encounter before they are finally used. We should be glad to discuss your packing problems with you. We should also be glad to demonstrate what we mean by packing to avoid 'Rejected—Damaged in Transit'. We conform to the latest conditions and specifications approved by the Ministry of Supply.



## **Reynolds** **(Packaging) Limited**

ALFRED'S WAY · BARKING · ESSEX  
TELEPHONE: RIPPLEWAY 3586



**Whatever your  
position in life . . .**

**you can enjoy the  
luxury of PIFCO  
electric shaving**

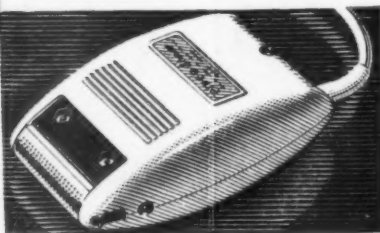
Men in all walks of life are choosing the PIFCO electric shaver for real luxury shaving at a sensible price. A masterpiece of Swiss precision engineering with surgical steel shaving head, self-sharpening cutters, streamlined shape and balanced weight.

Complete in ivory plastic case and fully guaranteed. For A.C. mains. No radio or T.V. interference.



**—only 81/6**

Try it at your Chemist, Electrical Dealer, Hairdresser or Store. If any difficulty, write:—Pifco Ltd., 20 Pifco House, Manchester 4.  
Makers of the PIFCO MASSAGER, HAIRDRYER, INFRA-RED & SUNLAMPS.



## *Jamaica's and Havana's Best Cigars*



The same fine quality  
Havana wrappers are used  
for both brands of cigars.

**THE GREAT UNIVERSAL STORES LTD.****ANOTHER RECORD YEAR**

The Thirty-eighth Annual General Meeting was held on the 16th October, 1956. The Report was adopted.

	Year Ended 31-3-'56 £
Group Trading Profit .. .. .	20,273,185
Less: Depreciation, Interest paid, Interests of Outside Shareholders of Subsidiaries, etc. .. .	2,213,664
Group Net Profit — before Taxation .. .	18,059,521
Less: Taxation .. .	10,377,993
Group Net Profit — after Taxation .. .	£7,681,528
<b>Appropriated as follows:</b>	
Transfer to Reserves and increase in Profit and Loss Account balance, etc. .. .	4,243,358
Preference Dividends, net .. .	64,544
Ordinary Dividends, net .. .	3,373,626
	£7,681,528
<b>Preference Stockholders</b>	
Issued Capital .. .	£2,250,000
Dividend covered by net earnings after tax .. .	119 times
Capital covered by net assets .. .	25.3 times
<b>Ordinary Stockholders</b>	
Issued Capital .. .	£9,387,485
Rate of Dividend paid on present Capital .. .	62.5% p.a.
Rate earned on present Capital .. .	140% p.a.
Group Net Assets .. .	£72,215,813

**Comparative Group Trading Profits**

1948	1949	1950	1951
£2,928,448	£4,576,290	£5,896,913	£8,161,150
1952	1953	1954	1955
£10,007,555	£11,443,390	£15,541,292	£18,923,479
			£20,273,185



**"Money is  
the seed  
of money"**

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU  
French philosopher  
(1712-1778)

Idle money earns nothing—but money put to work is a sound labourer. G & C Finance Corporation Ltd. offers attractive and profitable deposit facilities which show an appreciable return — **earning up to 7½% interest**, payable half-yearly and allowing easy withdrawals. Full details are contained in the G & C brochures, which will be sent at once on receipt of your request.

Write to the Secretary  
for Brochure D/8



**interest up to 7½%**

**FINANCE CORPORATION LIMITED**  
INDUSTRIAL BANKERS

King's Mead, Waterloo Place, Brighton, Sussex.  
Tel: BRIGHTON 25334, 24874

also at:—London, Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, Bournemouth, Preston, Great Yarmouth.

# WESTLAND



## The Hallmark of British Helicopters

**STATEMENT BY THE CHAIRMAN**

Reviewing the results of the past year in the Annual Report to Shareholders of Westland Aircraft Limited, the Chairman, **Mr. Eric Mensforth, C.B.E., F.R.Ae.S.**, said:

The profit and loss account for the year shows that the consolidated trading profit for the group amounted to £955,765 which compares with £521,888 last year. This satisfactory increase is due to considerably higher production, to exports, and to settlements during the year of several old contracts. Normalair, Ltd., has made a useful contribution to the Group's profit. Out of this net profit your board have decided, as last year, to write off helicopter licences costing £98,226. Although the licences in question are valid for some years, it is considered prudent and in the shareholders' interests to finance out of the current profits all private venture expenditure and other items of a similar nature. The expansion of the group's activities has continued during the year, and this is reflected in the balance-sheet. £264,170 has been spent on fixed assets, of which £143,380 has been provided by depreciation charges. After allowing for progress payments, an additional £796,883 has been spent on stock and work-in-progress.

Your Company continues to be the main supplier of helicopters to the Ministry of Supply on behalf of the Royal Navy, Army, Royal Air Force and to British civil operators. The development of the "WIDGEON" has been a "private venture"; the first order has recently been received from a civil customer and considerable interest is being shown in this helicopter by the armed forces. The "WHIRLWIND" has continued in full production through the year. In its latest form the "Whirlwind" has been extensively re-designed for naval operations against submarines, and makes use of the more powerful Alvis Leonides Major engine. The "Whirlwind" has rendered valuable service in many troublesome areas in the hands of the British armed forces, and has been extensively used by the French forces in Algeria. It is now possible to refer to a new larger helicopter, the "WESSEX," which your Company now has under development and towards which it is already devoting much of its resources. In the first instance, the "Wessex," which is primarily designed for shipboard use, will be used by the Royal Navy for anti-submarine duties and will in due course replace the "Whirlwind" in this rôle. In addition to meeting the Navy's requirements it is confidently anticipated that it will find other Service applications and will later be made available to civil operators as a 14-seater. Whilst the Ministry of Supply has placed a development contract for the "Wessex," your Company has agreed to make a considerable contribution towards the cost. The "WESTMINSTER" with its carrying capacity of five tons or 40-passengers, represents a big step forward and is being tackled with every proper precaution. Although the "Westminster" is not being designed to a specific requirement, it is already attracting interest from potential users. Whilst convinced that there is a definite need for a helicopter of this size and capacity for military use, for special industrial applications and in providing reliable all-weather inter-city and airport feeder services, your Directors are proceeding cautiously in view of the large sums involved before the production stage is reached.

Normalair Limited is continuing its policy of developing complete systems of equipment necessary for the pressurisation and air conditioning of high-flying military and civil aircraft. This enables Normalair to take over from the air-frame manufacturers the complete responsibility for the engineering of the equipment required for this purpose.

The proposal to increase the Company's capital has already been circularised to shareholders and is, therefore, not summarised here.

**WESTLAND AIRCRAFT LIMITED: YEOVIL.**



*Stirling Moss's Standard 8 is now fitted with a special 10 h.p. high-compression engine.*

# WHY I'VE CHANGED UP TO **BP Super Plus** FOR MY PRIVATE MOTORING

**says STIRLING MOSS**

**M**Y 1954 STANDARD has been fitted with a special high-compression engine. Which, believe me, makes it a pretty nippy little car. Of course, like all



*Within a week of its introduction Stirling Moss used BP Super Plus to win outright the International Sports Car Race, at Silverstone, in a Maserati.*

motorists, I take a particular pride in getting top performance out of it—at the same time trying to keep its fuel consumption down to the very minimum. That's exactly why I've changed to the new BP Super Plus 100-octane petrol.

It gives me considerably higher performance; which certainly makes driving much more enjoyable—especially on long runs. It produces just that increased burst of power that's so handy in traffic. And it has put up my average mileage per gallon. If you run a sports model, or any car with a high-compression engine for that matter, I definitely advise you to 'change up to BP Super Plus'.

**But what about cars with ordinary engines?**

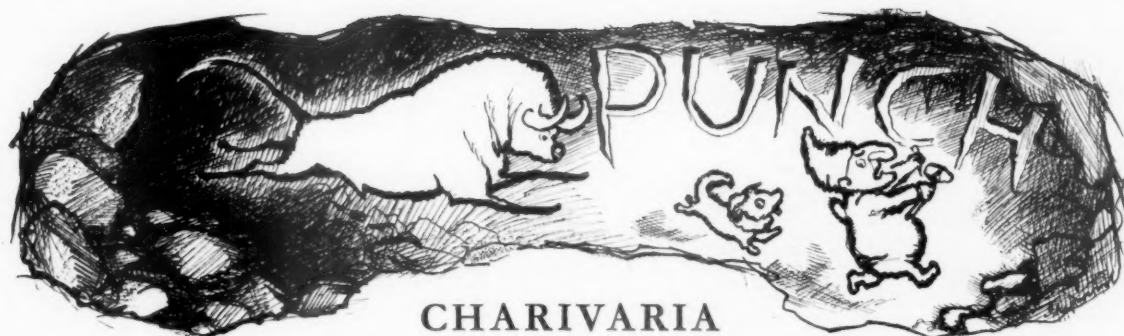
Here are two questions many motorists have asked me.

**'Can BP Super Plus damage my car's valves?' It's easy to answer that. No, BP Super Plus cannot possibly harm the valves or any other part of the engine.**

**'How will BP Super Plus benefit my car?'** I cannot be quite so definite about that. It must, of course, depend a lot on what sort of car you run. But this I can say. Lots of people driving different makes of car have told me they've got greater acceleration and much better performance from BP Super Plus.

THE BRITISH PETROLEUM COMPANY LIMITED





## CHARIVARIA

**T**ORY observers of the Middle East scene, though encouraged by the Prime Minister's cry of "Peace—but not peace at any price," nevertheless feel that he might have laid



the Munich ghost even flatter by adding something about "...and not in our time, either."

### Old Routine

APART from the official announcement that the latest rise in petrol prices "has nothing to do with Suez" little attempt has been made to explain the increase. This suggests that motorists, like other consumers, have at last been beaten into unquestioning submission: the only explanation they need is that the usual period has elapsed since the price went up last time.

### Before and After

WHETHER in active campaign or merely in apprehensive preparation, politicians everywhere became thoughtful on learning of Dr. Adenauer's decision to withdraw photographs of himself showing a tired, overworked old man and substitute more inspiring portraits of "a physically fit and friendly looking Chancellor." The Doctor's line of reasoning is clear, so far as it goes; but voters generally are more convinced that they are getting their money's-worth if their elected representatives look tired, overworked old men.

### Grievance Redressed

RESERVISTS arriving at Southampton for a few days' leave were entirely frank about the Army's misuse of their

services, and those spokesmen who gave their names to the Press, after statements about having had absolutely nothing to do, are expected to find conditions considerably improved when they return to duty.

### Life Goes On

EXILES in the colony of Aden hoping, like the rest of us, for a sign, were disappointed by the recent supplement to the Aden Colony Gazette, embodying an ordinance to amend the workmen's compensation ordinance which in turn embodied, at sub-paragraph (c) of section 4 of the revised schedule of incapacity compensations the announcement: "For the purposes of this Schedule, a one-eyed workman means a workman who has lost the sight of one eye."

### Case Against Mid-Week Soccer

STATISTICS make sensational reading, and with the publication of the *Annual Abstract* customers of H.M. Stationery Office can read with horror, amazement, etc., that we imported 33,000 tons of unsweetened milk powder last year, worked 47.5 hours weekly in the cork industry, or made 306,000,000 trunk calls (no figures for wrong numbers). But it should always be remembered that the great charm of statistics lies in



their adaptability. The audience which heard Mr. Victor Feather, of the T.U.C., foretell a loss of two million man-days through strikes by the end of the year, were quite staggered until he worked it out another way to mean

"one minute's lost production in a full working week."

### Time for Pity

REPORTS that five or more unidentified persons gained admission to the Conservative Party conference by means of forged tickets have aroused wide public compassion. It is felt that these persons, if traced, should receive the best psychiatric treatment available.

### Call Me Teddy

PHYSIOLOGISTS were much interested in the report, in the *British Medical Journal*, that a team of doctors had correctly identified the sex of forty-eight



unborn babies. Sociologists are shortly to tackle a related problem and attempt a similar identification among assorted teenagers.

### Waste Note

AMERICAN taxpayers were cool towards the Secretary of the Navy's hints at a secret weapon to "eliminate submarine warfare entirely." They felt that even the need for Republican prestige-boosting at this time was no excuse for releasing the news just as that expensive atomic submarine was returning with flying colours from its maiden voyage.

### Got to End Somewhere

SOME concern is being expressed in fashion circles about which will give out first, names for the new fabrics or names for the new colours the new fabrics are coming in. Ideas men are few and overworked. By the time they

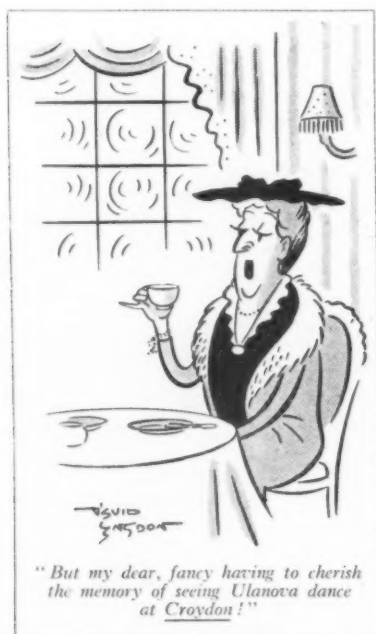
have found titles ending in "on," "tex," and "ene" for a few dozen more materials "with all the opulence of silk, yet with just a hint of taffeta crispness," and pushed their colour invention off the edge of the palette with improvements on "frost pink," "anthracite" and "bamboo" they are all going to be dead from ulcers, and then what? Women will have to fall back on dresses made of dress-material—in one of those funny old-fashioned colours like blue.

### Steam Radio, Maybe

VIEWERS have been mulling over that attack by the director of the Industrial Welfare Society, who described television as a conscience-lulling drug and said that Gilbert Harding exerted a greater influence than the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Miss Romney and Mr. Lustgarten were taking the place of the National Council of Social Service. Their considered opinion is that the Industrial Welfare Man may well be right—but who are the Archbishop of Canterbury, the National Council of Social Service and, come to that, the Industrial Welfare Society?

### Reshuffle

WILL the Forces be led  
With increased renown  
With their Head at the head  
And the Hare half-way down?



## Calder Hall

HAIL, Calder Hall! thou most ingenious box,  
Where Plowden and the boys punch all the clocks,  
Whose faith and works beneficent presage  
The coming of the new atomic age,  
In which, all due allowance made for blunders,  
There is no doubt we'll see no end of wonders.  
Soon it appears that, when you press a button,  
Atoms will split, and, splitting, roast the mutton,  
And, when the button's roasted you your leg,  
You pull a lever and you poach an egg  
Ere long observe the weary housewife sup  
With nuclear power to do the washing up.  
For there is something called a megawatt  
Which, treated decently, gets very hot.  
Atoms, on which are built the might of N.A.T.O.,  
Can also spot a worm in a potato,  
And physicists now boast that they're succeeding  
In stopping houseflies from excessive breeding.  
Who says the humble scientist forgets  
To show you how to count your cigarettes,  
Or, should you need it, help to make it clear  
That mud is mud at Weston-super-Mare?  
All this we shall obtain—and more than all—  
From the atomic pile at Calder Hall,  
And Progress offers us this fresh advantage—  
They're going to build a second pile at Wantage,  
In a sweet, rustic valley, hard beside  
That *Mead*, wherein the Betjemans reside.  
For this it is a moderate price to pay  
That ambient air may turn your entrails grey.  
The world's great age begins. The reign of Saturn  
Returns in streamlined fissionable pattern.  
Henceforth, beneath the sway of Calder Hall  
No one need work at anything at all.

Can we be sure, though, that some well-lunched Minister,  
His aim routine, his motive far from sinister,  
(Since laymen find it difficult to see  
The difference 'twixt Calder A and B)  
Won't in excessive keenness on his job,  
Pull a wrong lever, press an ill-judged knob,  
And, muddled up between the two machines,  
Blow all the universe to smithereens?

C. H.



MIDDLE EAST

# Mawr of Kinsul

By EDWARD HYAMS

WE used to like Mawr of Kinsul very much, but it was a nuisance when he sent us postcards, with a picture of Kinsul's boring mountain, saying that he wanted to stay with us because he was coming to England to organize more bomb outrages. That was at the time when the gallant soldiers of an organization calling itself the I.R.A. were leaving bombs in post offices and blowing up women and children. Presumably they blew up men too, but men always get left out in this kind of context. We were living, at the time, in a magnificent Georgian public-house turned into flats but right down in the docks, surrounded by the kind of slums which don't get as much attention as the others because they are unspectacular. I am recalling this passage of our life now because, as far as I know, it was the only time that we experienced police persecution.

It was not an extreme case of police persecution. In the days I'm writing about—you will find this hard to swallow—it would have been perfectly possible to be an actuary's mate in the Commonwealth Pharmaceutical Corporation even if your wife's second cousin by marriage had once been to a Fabian Society lecture and the C.P.C. was under contract to supply aspirin for the Royal Air Force. So we couldn't imagine what the large man standing in the rain and watching us unobtrusively was doing; it did not occur to us to connect his presence with Mawr of Kinsul's postcards. By the time the man was established, and by the time we began to notice a funny click in our telephone whenever we used it, Mawr of Kinsul was staying in the flat. We did wonder a bit whether his domestic habits had given rise to sufficient complaint to involve official interference: he

had an absent-minded way of walking about the flat without having first put any clothes on. He would even answer the door like that, clad in nothing but his reading glasses but usually holding *The Times* very decently before him, if one of us did not get to the door first. We lost seven charwomen, one after another, because they did not like this; perhaps one of them had gone to the police?

By the way, I have written that we were watched by "a man"; I think, because he was there day and night, there must have been several. It was impossible to tell, security policemen, like Chinese and Americans, being indistinguishable one from another. He/they looked like a character in a Graham Greene novel, and not a Buchan novel. This was gratifying because I never could believe in Sandy Arbuthnot: secret police work, spying, even in a burnous, would never have squared with his character. But our M.I.5 mark was convincing.

Any competent authority could have told the secret police boys that they need not take any notice of Mawr's postcards, that they were not a double bluff; after all, he had a record, he had been one of the old Sinn Feiners and to hear him on the subject of the new I.R.A. was like listening to an old moustache giving his opinion of the 1812 recruits. At least I should think so, although the only veterans I ever listened to were usually modest and even humble men who compared themselves unfavourably with their successors. But Mawr of Kinsul not only thought that the post office bombs were cowardly, he thought they were dangerous to his country. Suppose the English gave way again and handed Eire over to the Ulstermen? Once the two countries were united in one sovereign republic, what was to save the real Irish from the hard men of the north? In no time at all the Catholic clergy would be hiding in bogs and decent Irishmen would be denied their alcoholic euphoria by presbyterian austerity.

It was this, I think, that worried him as much as anything: Kinsul was a town of about fifty one-storey two- or three-room cottages, of which twenty-seven had licences to sell liquor. Since



Mawr of Kinsul was licensee of the major public house, you might have expected him to favour the idea of some less liberal drink policy. But he was not a mercenary man.

When Ireland was not only free but free without the dangerous appendage of the six counties—imagine the happiness of Germany without Prussia!—and when his own bellicosity had departed with the calming of his youthful high spirits, Mawr came to England. It was not to make his fortune but just to get a decent bit of money, enough to support a man in idleness: *otium cum dignitate*, the ideal of his most civilized people. He wrote a book, which cost him no trouble to speak of, it was published and it enjoyed a success of esteem without making a loss; indeed it made a small profit and Mawr's reputation, for at least six weeks, so that he was offered reviewing work on the weeklies. He refused it, wrote three chapters of another book, which was all of it he had in his head, booked passage on the old *Mauretania*, and in three busy days, provided with ten carbon copies of his work, sold the rights of it to seven London publishers for an advance of £50 a head. Not many young writers make a clear £350 out of their second book without even putting a publisher to the trouble of printing it.

In New York he avoided the obvious, that is the police force and the criminal gangs, both overcrowded with his countrymen, and went into a publisher's office. Here it was that, in only four years, he got the money to buy his Kinsul public house.

All the time he was with us the watch on our house and telephone continued. Did we only imagine that our mail began to be delayed? But nothing worse—until, that is, Mawr blundered: he went into a post office to buy a twopenny stamp to put on the back of a cheque. One cannot blame the authorities in this instance: how were they to be sure he was not in that office for the purpose announced on his postcards? They must have considered that a closer investigation was called for. We received a domiciliary visit.

It was decorous; in those days appearances were still important, it was not possible to send us a plain-clothed, plain-faced, stolid-mannered secret agent. It had to be a uniformed policeman and preferably one known to us.



and with a good ostensible reason for invading our privacy. That was not difficult: there had, our visitor said, been complaints that I left my car outside the house all day and night. I admitted it, and offered, in excuse, that the street was a dead end, leading to nothing but a terrace over the river. A car on a road could not, surely, obstruct a Thames barge?

The policeman, big, still, ponderous, and with a relic of Norfolk accent, nodded thoughtfully. He seemed to be admitting the excuse. He began, as he slowly raised his helmet to replace it on his head, to stare carefully and without expression about our room. It was large, but he gave most of his attention to one wall, which was covered from floor to ceiling with books, beginning, top-left, with *Deerslayer* and Grimm, ending, bottom-right, with *Mein Kampf* and *Voyage au Bout de la Nuit*. If it be

true that you can know a man by his books a trained agent must have deduced that we had no particular character, no vice but curiosity, no purpose but to be entertained. But our policeman read no titles, he only measured the quantity of our literature with his pale eyes, yard by yard. At last, as the helmet reached his brow, he said with much significance, "Books, eh?"

Not much, but enough: we knew that thenceforth we were "on the list." It will never be possible for me to accept employment in the P.R. department of a firm supplying nylon stockings to the W.R.A.F.

"CHELMSFORD RUGBY F.C. TOAST  
THEIR 35TH BIRTHDAY  
Only One Founder Survives."  
*Essex Newsman-Herald*

No heads for liquor nowadays.

# America Day by Day

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

TIME, like an ever-rolling stream, bears all the old jokes away.

Many a humorist in New York pushed his fried egg from him untasted on reading the news in his morning paper that the post office pen has been abolished. The pen, that is to say, which was such a source of clean fun because it looked and wrote as if it had been used in a game of darts. For years this has been the humorist's mainstay, the thing he counted on to pay the rent, and now Robert H. Schaffer, the New York postmaster, who is the man on whom all the odium will rest (if that is what odiums do), has callously informed the public that as of even date ball-pointed pens will be installed in all the one hundred and two sub-stations in Manhattan and the Bronx. They are "almost indestructible" and are capable of drawing a continuous line eight thousand feet long (should anyone care to do so) and, worse still, will write clearly and legibly for months and months and months. Taking the bread out of the mouths of a hard-working and deserving class is about what it amounts to. It has been a great blow, as well, to the man who used to go into the post office to fill his fountain pen.

Traditions, too, are being flouted everywhere. At the recent Miss America Pageant at Atlantic City the young lady elected as Miss America of 1956 was a Miss Marian Ann McKnight, and on being proclaimed the winner she did not burst into tears. And this though she must have been perfectly well aware that

winners of the Miss America Pageant *always* burst into tears. Little wonder that people are going about shaking their heads and saying "Whither America?" and "After 1956—what?"

I was interested to see that one of the contestants in this tourney, asked by the master of ceremonies whom she admired most in the world outside her own family, named her sponsor, for it is not everybody who thinks so highly of these curious fauna. A gag-writer on one of the programmes was conversing with his not long ago after a script conference when another gag-writer came in and said he had something he wanted to say.

"Go ahead," said the first gag-writer.

The second gag-writer looked embarrassed.

"It's private," he said. "I can't say it in front of the sponsor."

"Well, spell it," said the first gag-writer.

Talking of sponsors, one of them wanted a famous baritone on his television programme last week.

"We won't haggle about money," he said, and the baritone said No, he hated haggling.

"Just tell me how much you want."

"A hundred thousand dollars."

"Let's haggle," said the sponsor.

And, also without actually leaving the subject of sponsors, there is the story of the eminent private detective, Mr. Raymond Schindler, who was induced to appear on a television programme.

"You have a decided advantage over

the usual run of television detectives," one of his fellow performers, who had been playing these characters for some time, told him. "At least, in the middle of solving a case, you are not interrupted by a commercial."

Well, this—I feel pretty sure the secret has leaked out by now—is election year over here, and the worst of election year in America is that it brings out the orators like flies, so that in skimming through your paper of a morning you are apt to come up against some rather testing stuff, not at all the sort of thing you want to have to read at breakfast time after a latish night. Here is what one of these silver-tongued men got off his chest yesterday:

"To-day's mode of re-examination sweeps aside the fiction that, because a stain on a citizen's loyalty or personal qualifications for government employment is not a 'criminal charge,' he is not necessarily entitled to due process in the spirit, if not the letter, of the phrase."

I managed to puzzle it out because I am rather bright, but you can't say it isn't obscure. What he means, of course, is that to-day's spirit sweeps aside the letter of the phrase, thus re-examining the stain of the due process of the fiction of government employment, but he might have put it more clearly.

Complaints about the frivolous irresponsibility of the younger generation continue to reach the columns of the press, but it seems to me from the evidence submitted by one of the college publications that its heart is sound. The librarian of this institution writes in a spirit of some bitterness that the students will persist in pinching books from the college library, and the significant thing—to me—is that while these lovers of all that is best in literature got away with nine John Buchans, eleven Agatha Christies and fifteen Edgar Wallaces, they swiped no fewer than thirty-six P. G. Wodehouses. This is the sort of thing that heartens a writer and makes him resolved to give of his best and keep on turning out stuff worthy of a public of such impeccable taste.



ROY DAVIS



## A Wurlitzer for the Beadle

THE Tivoli Theatre in the Strand, where Marie Lloyd sang and there were Edwardian goings-on in the pit, went out of business for ever last week, carved up to the last metal locker by five scrap-dealing brothers whose name appeared to vary between Beadle and Rice.

In the course of this sweep the brothers pouched the mighty Wurlitzer Console Organ, complete with motor, switches and pipes, at a price which left the auctioneer close to tears of indignation.

I'd been in the day before to look round, and found the brothers in full cry, rooting with electric torches for treasure amid some remarkably faded bric-à-brac. They were hampered in

By PATRICK CAMPBELL

this task by an eccentric in the gods, who kept showering them with corks, bits of plaster and short lengths of wood. After each volley the brothers flashed their torches round the shadowy auditorium with impassioned cries of "Turn it up!" but each time the aggressor ducked out of sight.

At one moment, I'm sorry to say, he scored a bull on my ear, while I was examining the Wurlitzer. "He's always at it," one of the brothers said. "It's not right." He then—causing me to leap even higher in the air than before—let go with his mouth a frightful sound like a mile of calico being rent in half. This seemed to frighten the wraith in the

gods, for he suspended his bombardment. "That geezer wants doing," another of the brothers said, without animosity. They were some of the happiest men I've ever met.

They were in full cry again the following morning, greeting fellow-dealers with the calico-tearing screech, combined with life-like impressions of tomcats locked in mortal combat. One of them—George Beadle, the eventual purchaser of the Wurlitzer—was smoking a cigar.

The auctioneer appeared promptly at ten to eleven—a solidly built, elderly man with a narrow eye and a jaunty brown hat. He was immediately drawn on one side by someone who whispered urgently in his ear. "The corrugated iron?" the auctioneer said darkly. "I hope I didn't see it." This appeared to be a rejection of the merchandize. He became involved then with the B.B.C. camera unit, who'd been blinding everyone for some time with three arc lights. They appeared to come to a working agreement, for the auctioneer then mounted the rostrum.

The Beadle-Rice bloc sidled into the third row of the orchestra stalls. "Lot of blokes got knotted in here," said George Beadle, referring—I should say—to marriage. Another Beadle let out a girlish cry of mingled ecstasy and fear. "For a well-known place," said a third one, "I reckon this is a proper dusthole." They'd have got on splendidly with Marie Lloyd.

The first lot to be auctioned was "Three gas boilers and a quantity of scrap-iron."

The auctioneer—there was a note of belligerence in his manner—said "Who'll start me at £50?"

A voice came from the Beadle-Rice group. "Two quid." It was eventually knocked down to "Rice" for £22.

So it went on. The Beadles allowed a woman in glasses to have "Two sack trollies and a pair of metal 5-tread steps," but they were right back in the fray with "An Emperor domestic boiler and a 4-ft. hot-water cylinder."

Then we came to Lot 29—"A range of four Ideal Low-pressure Steam Boilers, serial 3-F-7, complete with gauges and safety valves, a water feed heater and a circulating pump and motor."

"This is one of our prize lots," said the auctioneer, looking at the Beadles



with menace. "Worth every penny of £300." After a long, easy silence on the part of the Beadles one of them offered him "A tenner."

At £50 the auctioneer, who seemed genuinely distressed, said "This is a terrible thing. But you gentlemen know what you're doing, I suppose." The range of Low-pressure Steam Boilers went to the Beadles for £70. By this time they'd bought about half the lots on offer. And the moment the Wurlitzer came up they were after it, too.

The auctioneer, bathed in arc lights with the B.B.C. camera turning on him, announced that the organ was "worth all of £5,000—make no mistake about it." He turned then, with acid resignation, to await the Beadles' contribution. "Hundred quid," said George Beadle, after consulting the tip of his second cigar.

It was all over before we had time to appreciate it. The mighty Wurlitzer, with blower, motor, pipes and switches, went to George Beadle for what the auctioneer must certainly have computed to be the direct insult of £230. Then the Press descended upon the new Wurlitzer owner.

We had no immediate luck. He was deeply preoccupied with the next couple of lots, innocuously described as "A quantity of heavy cable approx." and "A quantity of light ditto." George Beadle laid out another £250 for it and retired to the tea-counter, pursued by a small crowd of mixed researchers. I'm proud to say it was I who put the first question to him. "Was the Wurlitzer worth two hundred and thirty nicker?" I inquired.

George sipped his tea. He was a stocky, youngish man in a dark-blue suit, with a fresh complexion, jet-black hair, sharp brown eyes and a humorous manner. "Don't know yet," he said. "Don't know how much zinc is in them pipes till we have 'em out. If they was all tin they'd be worth six hundred quid."

"You don't intend, then, to play it?" I asked. "You'll break it up?"

"Couldn't you sell it to a mission hall?" a girl reporter asked him. She wore a trim black suit, heavy but tasteful maquillage and a six-inch cigarette-holder, giving a considerable lift to our profession.

"I might do anything," said George,



"One final thing, you chaps. Any articles on 'I was an Army Reservist' for a Sunday newspaper must be reported to the War Office . . ."

"if someone was to whisper in me ear. But what's all the excitement? I bought two organs already this year."

We were hard put to it to reply. Eventually, a gentleman reporter said "Well, it's unusual."

George seemed to find this thin. "I bought queerer things than that," he told us. "Big place down in the country. Bloke had some statues in his garden. All gone to rack and ruin. I thought there were four of them. When we cleared the brambles away there were twenty-two."

He was interrupted at this point by a deafening crash. An elderly man had tripped in the gloom and fallen flat on his back in the remnants of a large sheet of glass. George helped him up. "That your Lot too, George?" a friend wanted to know.

The old man was dusted down gently

by George and sent on his way. "You got to watch your step in these crummy old places," said George, perfectly at home. He turned to me. "You working for the papers?" he said in some surprise. "Yesterday morning, when I seen you, I thought you was a dealer too."

It was a moment of powerful emotion, to feel myself one with the Wurlitzer-buying brothers.

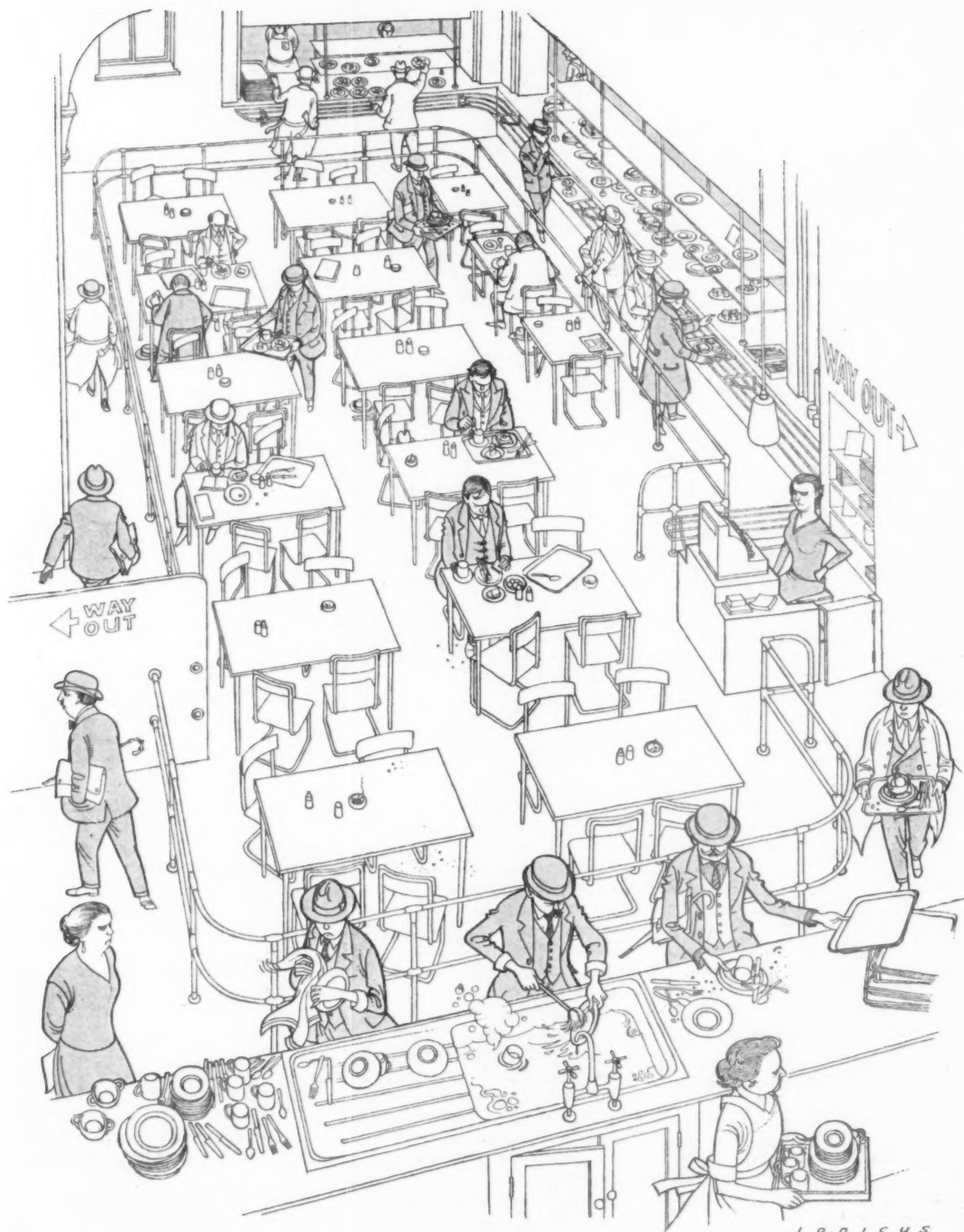
### *The Duke and the Dustmen*

FEAR no more the frown o' the great  
When the Duke of Bedford rages.  
Learning long means earning late;

Dustmen, young, take home good wages.

Girton girls and Old Boys must,  
As refuse supers, come to dust.

F. L. M.



# Aerial Perspective

By ROBIN IRONSIDE

TO those pessimists who loudly lament the disappearance of the artist-craftsman in the machine age a great, new, anonymous school—the designers of television aerals—has now provided a crushing answer.

In order properly to understand the amazing achievement of this new movement, the first step is to state clearly what those qualities are which we should expect to find in an art-object—to define, in fact, the fundamental nature of art itself. Briefly, then, visual art is essentially movement ordained in numbers, the indetermination of matter seeking the economy of life. Form is shown to be its basic component, and the form of a work of art is nothing less than its shape, the arrangement of its parts. Form results wherever two (or more) parts are brought into close connection in the fulfilment of some basic function. (Note—in the cruciform types of aerial, the diagonals leading into the composition from the left and right edges and the ascending screw action at the bottom.) Beauty, which is a unity of pleasurable relations in our sense perceptions, may also be present in a work of art\*, but whether we look at the problem historically or sociologically we find that an effective interconnection of parts has often been, or often is, a thing of no beauty whatever. In its effect, as opposed to its essence, art is the supreme force making for social integration.

These basic attributes are present to a superb degree in television aerals. Perhaps it could not be otherwise; aerial construction is so bound up with the elementary needs of contemporary civilization that a cultural ethos must find its expression in this medium; and in art, what is most elementary is most vital. In virtually all the aerals which I have hitherto been privileged to inspect the design is conceived as an integral whole, not as a function of its individual joined parts; but this unity is of course itself functional, and it is the consciousness of the functions in the design which gives the object its absolute validity.

\* By "pleasurable relations" I mean relations which are both satisfying in themselves and also a spontaneous expression of the human predicament.

Good aerial design is not ashamed to reveal its geometric foundations, and as far as I am concerned the most simple and economic examples are the most deeply satisfying. The upward and downward thrust of the vectors in those based on the "H" motif combine with the resilient horizontals to express the aerals' crucial position in an architectural hierarchy. In those in which the basic form is a rectangular frame, the inevitable rightness of the tilt of the rectangle (the result, evidently, of some process of organic growth) is more impressive when ornamentation has either been rigorously dispensed with or discreetly confined to the emphasis of joints and terminals subservient to the general structure, and the artist's sheer will to form has been given free play. Here at last we are able to realize that mass or line is solid space and that space is simply the inverse of mass. Like the primitive artist, the anonymous designers of these admirable works have created what is for them and, since we are their contemporaries, for us also a visible expression of the absolute. They have resisted the flux of existence and made a solid object; out of time they have created space and under the stress of their emotion they have defined this space with an outline.

Though I am myself more profoundly moved by those which, structurally, are the least elaborate, others may experience a more significant reaction to the complex, wittier types in which the artist has caused the object to burgeon, so to speak, into ovoids, interlocking rectangles, intricacies of tracery. These may tease the eye with certain specially projecting passages or make peremptory withdrawals, leaving large areas which are simply the intervals between climaxes; they remain feminine and delicate even at their most muscular, and the element of ornamentation which they display is at all times plastic, that is to say not applied to the object but the object itself.

Perhaps the most amazing characteristic of this new people's art is its universality. I have seen aerals made in Pimlico which in all their essential features are indistinguishable from those made in Bombay. But if the television aerial is a universal art form it is also

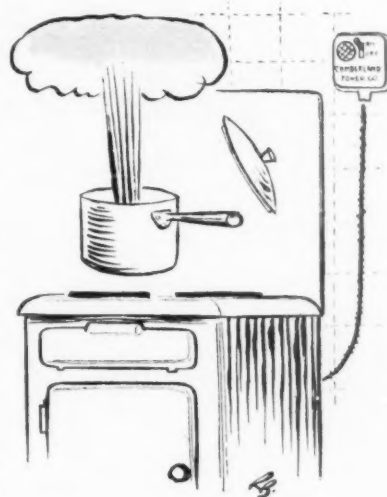
one deeply rooted in tradition. While it is functionally *actual*, it is plastically timeless. It has been penetratingly stated that Piero della Francesca was the first Cubist. We may trace the origin of the aerial art-form still farther back to the unknown masters of the Ogham inscriptions. In modern times its principal elements were precisely forecast in Piet Mondrian's prophetic "Composition in Line" (1913).

Ultimately, the contribution of the profoundly novel schematic equation which I have been discussing may be fairly summed up by asserting the primacy of the interaction on the diagonal-vertical accents fusing with the horizontal rhythms at the bases of the apexes. This reveals in an all-compelling manner the spiritual intensity inherent in the work of these unknown master-craftsmen. It would not be far from the truth to say that the subconscious motivations which are made manifest in the television aerial are the result of a primitive self-orientation present in all of us, but here expressed with intuitional geometric, and, *ipso facto*, religious finality. Sort of.

2 2

"His rescuer was Mr. Fred Reed, an ambulance driver of only 10 months, whose action in climbing the 200 ft. scaffolding was described by eyewitnesses as 'courageous.'"—*The Auckland Star*

Unique, even.



# Portrait of the P.R.A.

Painted by CHARLES REID

**H**E is a dear, grey, garrulous egg of a man, our P.R.A., said to be seventy-six, but take no notice of that; some muddle over dates, clearly. Chuckling at his own facility and snuffing a little, he can knock off a charcoal sketch for a neo-Wren investment trust building, E.C.4, cost three-quarters of a million, in less time than it takes a toastmaster to intone Sir Albert Richardson.

His latest hunk, nearly finished, is the safe deposit and silver vaults in Chancery Lane. Green tarpaulins shroud the top floor in part, and there are hammering and sawing noises still, but through lordly windows below clerks are to be seen drinking tea, and the building's general effect, that of an upright piano, is inescapable, rear and whinny as you may. Sir Albert flips

through a pocket-book and shows the embryo jotting. As he flips I notice other embryos: a gnarled gargoyle for some decrepit minster, a Regency veranda for a sublimated chop-house.

The old safe deposit building, he recalls, was bombed. "I made this drawing on the site two days after the bombs fell. The stones hadn't had time to cool. I noticed the track of the sun across Chancery Lane. I said, drawing as I talked, 'We'll have it this way, a block with wings in the form of a gigantic capital I, so that every room shall get the westering sun.' And that's how it is. Not a cold room in the whole building."

All decided, then, in three shakes of a charcoal stick. We are saddled with the piano for aeons, probably until Fissiontide.

As yet his *Financial Times* building is a hole in the ground across the road from St. Paul's, with men in fancy windcheaters at the bottom laying the sub-basement floor. From the hole will presently sprout façade features of bronze in the Cellini and Goujon manners. "That's the way to be modern! Study the Great Masters and you'll begin to see with the eyes of the Great Masters! There's no such thing as originality. Only variation!" The top cornice will be supported, or such was the idea when I saw the working drawings, by floodlit pillars of crystal glass, so that by night the *F.T.*, old harridan, will seem to wear a solidly cemented tiara.

First sketch of this exuberant dream was done in ten and a half minutes by stopwatch, if anybody used one, in the P.R.A.'s work-salon, Queen Anne Street. As the P.R.A. drew, the promoters stood by among Regency harps, Second Empire candelabra and chairs said to have been sat on by Dean Swift, their brains clicking like dog-track totes under the stress of interest and sinking fund calculations. When they saw the sketch they sang cavatinas of admiration.

The critics, on the other hand . . . However, you probably know what critics are. In case you weren't listening when Mr. President last spoke on the subject, they are owls because they hoot, fleas because they nip, and bats not because, as you might have supposed, they mostly emerge at dusk, flying this way and that with fell little squeaks of elation, but because they "see things upside down." One man (*Manchester Guardian*) was so upside down as to call the *F.T.* project extremely dull. Another (*Sunday Times*) rolled his eyes despairingly and called the *F.T.* and kindred



"Edana Romney doesn't understand me, Edgar Lustgarten doesn't understand me, the doctor doesn't understand me . . ."

## NEXT WEEK'S PUNCH

will contain the fourth in the series of portraits in colour by  
RONALD SEARLE

The subject is

**MR. ANEURIN BEVAN**



projects a spoliation of the City. The *Architects' Journal* coughed an accomplice's cough from behind its pigskin glove.

Mr. President glanced at the relevant newsclips through a tortoiseshell lorgnette (1836) and tapped a silver snuffbox (1790). In his waistcoat pocket a gold watch (1830) faintly chimed the hour, its note falling, as Enoch Arnold Bennett might have reported, like dew upon the ear. Then:

"Trouble with these people is they've never seen a building that *rises from the ground*. They're obsessed with ground floor shops. They only think of a building from the waist up. Everything is waisted nowadays. They cut 'em all off at the waist. I didn't. I made this building *grow from the ground*. So they called it club-footed. Well, it was something to say. We are all shops in this country. Shops everywhere. Ruinous."

From Sir Albert the critics turn to his Royal Academy. The hootings, nippings and upside-downings become orgiastic.

"Is it true you once said that in two hundred years the R.A. has never made a mistake?"

"Well," reasons Mr. President, "how *could* it? The R.A. has maintained the Great Traditions, hasn't it?"

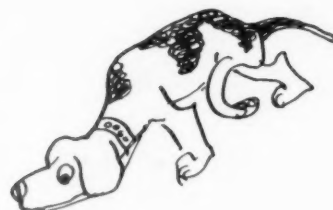
"Took you a long time to admit Augustus John."

"Any academy is jealous of increasing its members. Extremely difficult to open the door. If it were opened too easily the Academy would lose prestige."

"Was it good for R.A. prestige to let in people like Alma Tadema?"

"Sugary painter, I admit. Over-precise, timid. We struck a pretty bad patch in the 'nineties. I remember it well. I reacted against it myself. But the R.A. has never made a mistake *in principle*, at any rate."

By this time mangled and moaning critics strewed the carpet. Stepping over them in his bland, oval way, Mr. President piled into a motor-car for home. It was near Christmas. In Beds. a whimsy week-end awaited him. Everybody in eighteenth-century get-up. *Beggar's Opera* sung full out to harpsichord twangles. Stage coach hauled into the yard as a cache for presents.



*Peddy*

Thirty-six candles at sixpence a time for the big chandelier. Anybody for a ride in the sedan chair? 'Pon my soul, Sir Albert in cloak, hat and sword is the maddest wag in Spitalfields, Gad's vitals! Whoreson cute publicity, too. See how the contracts come in.

#### Last Word

Time: Spring, 1914. Scene: A court in Moscow. Two British subjects are charged with shoplifting. The British consul is called as a defence witness:

"I stepped forward with all the dignity I could muster and took the oath."

"Is it a common occurrence in England for respectable people to enter a shop, pick up an article off the counter and put it in their pocket before they have actually paid for it?"

"Yes."  
"Have you done it on occasions yourself?"  
"Yes," I answered without a blush."

From "*Memoirs of a British Agent*,"  
by R. H. Bruce Lockhart



Hope

as Picasso  
might have  
seen it

BY RONALD SEARLE



Bubbles



The Laughing Cavalier



The Monarch of the Glen



The Boyhood of Raleigh

# New Light on Non-ism

By DANIEL PETTIWARD

LET me say at once that I am no magician. I do not claim to be able to make any Tom, Dick or Harry into a Braque, Lipchitz or Ozenfant. Men like this are in a world apart and have, in any case, used up all the best ideas. I do, however, contend that the student who follows my instructions carefully can reach a reasonable standard of proficiency in what is loosely termed Modern Art, and if he keeps at it may in time be rewarded with a kindly if slightly undecipherable word of approval (fitted in between introductions) from Sir Kenneth Clark or Sir Herbert Read.

I will, however, make no secret of the fact that the genuine non-artist—that is the fully untrained, totally untalented painter or sculptor who is in no danger of producing work which the general public is likely to admire, recognize or understand, is in a peculiarly favourable position with regard to becoming a successful run-of-the-mill Modern Artist (particularly in the Abstract or non-Neo-Sordidist sense) and begins with a big advantage over the ordinary grape-skin-trousered art student with a flair for rendering uncannily life-like lupins in a shiny blue jug.

## 2. THE BIRTH OF THE BACK-TO-FRONT MOVEMENT

How is the non-artist to set about consolidating this advantage in order to end up a real Modern Artist? Obviously he will operate on an entirely different basis from the person who has been a real run-of-the-mill Modern Artist all along. This latter type, having finally

fought himself free of his last life-like lupin, searches about, to put it shortly, for some astonishing new idea which he can express in paint, stone, medicated tar or other medium. If he fails to carry out his intentions in a particular work he immediately jumps on it and goes off, according to his temperament, to drink an overdose of gold-size in the communal bathroom or a small brown at the Antelope. If, however, he succeeds, then, again according to his temperament, he either rushes here and there telling everybody what he has done or he remains tight-lipped at home and leaves it all to Providence and Mrs. Piper.

Now the stupefying fact that forces its way up from the bottom of all this and fairly belts you in the eye is that the work that turns out trumps, the creation of the week that sets Sir Kenneth and Sir Herbert all a-flutter (because they can "read" the dazzling ideas *behind* works of art as easily as ordinary people can read the *Weekend Mail*) *could in quite a number of cases have been perfectly well executed by a completely motiveless non-artist without a thought in his mind of giving stimulation to a critic*. It follows therefore that what distinguishes many genuine modern works from most motiveless non-art works (and incidentally makes them such admirable Christmas presents) is not so much the quality they have as the *quality they acquire* because of the GLORIOUS THOUGHTS BEHIND THEM. It also follows that, as a general rule, a work of non-art will automatically become a work of real art as soon as its non-artist has been able

*to think of a genuine artistic motive which could have accounted for everything in it*. In other words the non-artist starts at the wrong end and works furiously back-to-front.

It must be added, however, that the work is not likely to cause many reverberations up at Sir Herbert's, unless (with certain exceptions which I shall consider) it is an altogether unlikely-looking work dissimilar to anything previously produced by man or beast and capable, once it is fitted up with a suitable inspiration, of being bang in the vanguard of all the other vanguards.

## 3. ARRIVING AT AN OVERRULING PASSION

It will be easy to see from this that the scrupulous Modernist non-artist or Honest Non-ist (to give him his rightful name) is one who cultivates his natural non-bent (by such methods as applying his pigment through the roses of watering-cans, etc.) in order to give his work a really new and baffling appearance. He will also need to know exactly what has already been tried on and to make a special study of movements like Tachisme and Unintentionalism, and pronouncements like "We are re-discovering the soul by systematically emptying our minds of everything" (Kandinsky) which are particularly *en rapport* with the non-artistic standpoint and flexible enough to be used again almost unchanged.

From among a number of possible pictures I have selected for examination (Plate 2) a work by non-art student F. Blower of Grimsby which seems to me to have just the kind of *je ne sais quoi* which, with the right handling, might well bring it to the favourable attention of the I.C.A.

Now here are the sort of questions F. Blower must learn to ask and answer satisfactorily before he can even begin to think in terms of exhibitions. Above all, as we have seen, he must decide with what overruling passion or principle in mind a real artist, working in a blue-hot fever of creative fury, might have produced the same work. Then, examining the picture in detail, he must inquire such things as "Have its formal relations been imagined to the point of symbolic concrete form? Does it jell? Does it, as is so popular nowadays,

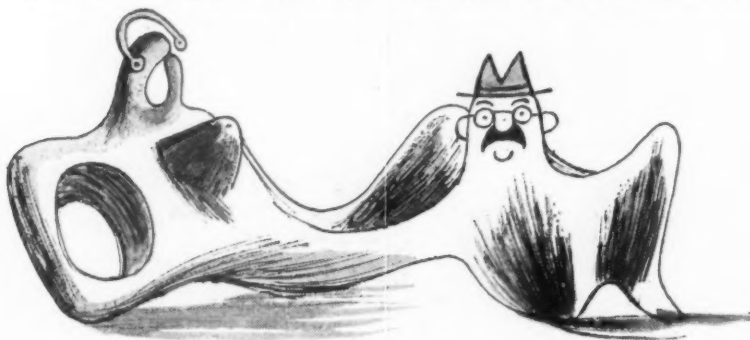


Plate 1. *Strange-Bedfellowism* or "We can't both be right." Another fascinating approach open to the non-artist which Mr. Pettivard will discuss in a later issue.

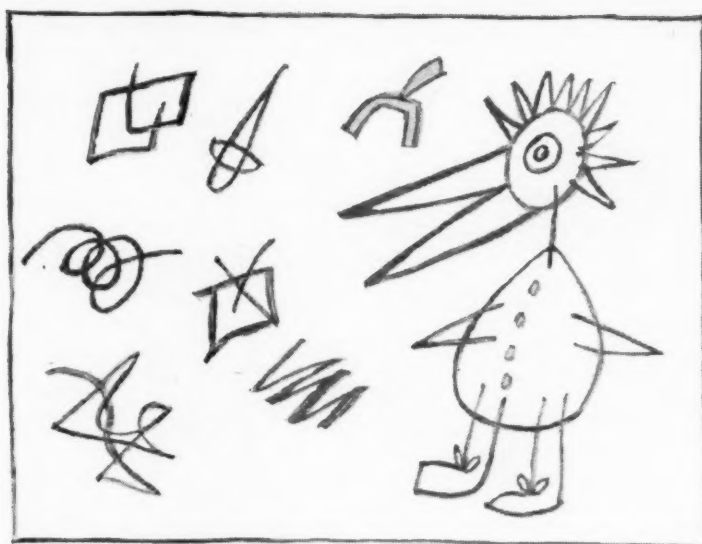


Plate 2. Unintentionalism. Composition in water-colour and eyebrow-pencil.

reflect the chaos, disintegration, lack of purpose and poor quality of the bread in the contemporary scene? Does it develop or revert to anybody or—more important still—bitterly revolt from everybody and goad its non-creator to the point of starting a new Brotherhood whose members may seriously consider calling themselves the Beauchamp Place Brutalists?"

It is of course a capital idea at any stage to team up with other non- and even real artists and form a Brotherhood or School—particularly if you put one of the other Brothers on to the job of working out the explanations and deciding what you are all going to paint. Critics, too, find it difficult to believe that a whole bunch of you can be completely wrong.

#### 4. AN ANALYSIS OF F. BLOWER'S POST-CREATIVE MOTIVATION

Let me now apply my own trained non-art mind to an analysis of this work. On the right, as I see it, we have a half-formed, timeless, ageless semi-literary sort of chicken obviously influenced by various fetid old folk-pictures (that you can find afterwards by hunting through various filthy old books) and on the left some schematic semi-snatches of constructivist chicken-music plainly integrated by dynamic inner tensions. Had this been my own work I would have said that my guiding

motive in creating it could well have been that wishing to improve on Paul Klee (who was, of course, in touch with nature at an elemental level) I had been in touch with bird-life at an *ante-natal* level.

It is not really necessary to say all this kind of thing publicly. You may judge that the moment is more propitious to keep everyone on tenterhooks by announcing something more on the lines of "*Je ne veux pas faire du biftek*" (Brancusi) or "My head flies gently round the room by itself at the house of my Uncle Neuch" (Chagall), *but you must know in your own mind what you have done*, even if you don't let on that you didn't know it at the time. If, as is likely, Mr. Eric Newton or some of the others think up some much more convincing explanations of your work you are of course quite at liberty to change over to one of these, but it is utterly unprofessional not to have had a motive of your own to change over from.

N.B.—If later on you find yourself doing something different enough to come into a new motive-category you must lose no

time in letting it be known that you are passing into what may well be your Red, White and Blue or Early Clacton Period.

#### 5. HANDKERCHIEF-CORNERISM VINDICATED

For the non-artist who finds difficulty in producing really original-looking works out of nowhere, a perfectly permissible alternative is to make use of non-patterns and arrangements already drawn by other people, such as charts of underground railways or diagrams of drainage systems, *provided they were definitely never intended as works of art in the first place*. It is also quite in order to copy, or use outright, compositions assembled by nature or accident such as non-picturesque areas of mildew or casual sections of coconut matting spattered with warm masses (in the artistic sense) of tomato ketchup. All that is necessary, as before, is that the non-artist should convince himself of an adequate reason which could have been responsible for the picture, as opposed to the actual non-significant reason (e.g. basic hole in sauceboat) which really was responsible.

In Plate 3 I have copied a corner of my cousin Sophie's clerical grey handkerchief in order that readers may observe, and I trust admire, the full effect. Handkerchief-Cornerism is not as a rule to be encouraged because it is apt to look uncomfortably derivative from the powerful work of Mr. Ben Nicholson, and non-art which is reminiscent of

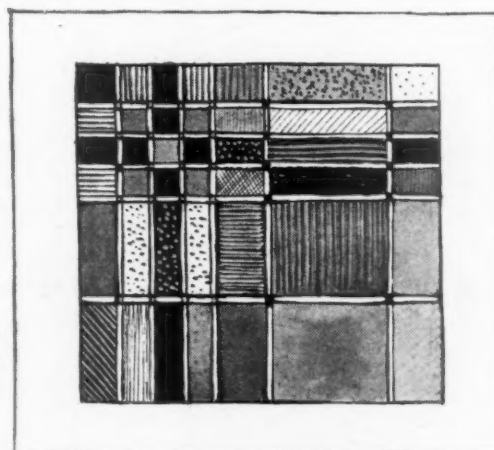


Plate 3. Study in ink and other stuff. A quiet corner of Cousin Sophie's Grey Handkerchief from the South-west.

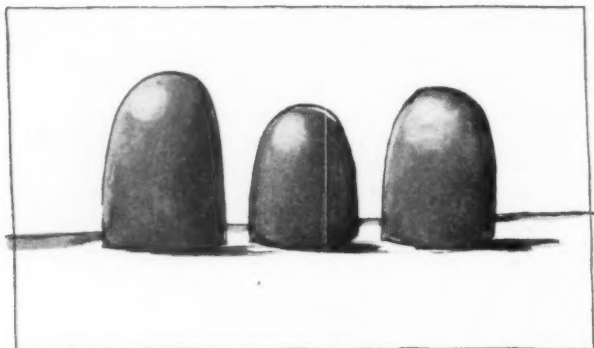


Plate 4. Carving in petrified Plasticine. "The Artist's Wife Between Two Boulders at Barrow-in-Furness."

other real or non-art *not produced by the same Brotherhood* will hardly find favour in the *Réalités Nouvelles* or elsewhere. Occasionally, however, it is possible to get by with such work if the non-artist makes it quite clear that he has arrived at the same conclusion by an entirely different and rather more exciting route. It has after all occasionally happened among genuine artists that one, aiming at an enlargement of experience based on the Universal Analogy of Form, will end up with exactly the same marmalade cat as an ordinary Emotive-Fragmentist from the Harrow Weald Sketching Club. In Plate 4, for instance, I have shown an example where a non-artist (out-distancing Franz Marc by operating by *fourth sight*) has produced an undeniably Hepworthian group of statuary which has none the less been highly praised in *The Studio* for its originality of purpose and perfection of taste.

To return to Plate 3, the non-artist who has spent a little time mugging up the jargon should have little difficulty in giving an original reading of a picture of this nature. As an extra precaution, however, and to ensure that despite its derivative aspect it may yet be hailed as a revolting, really movement-provoking work bristling with an adequate number

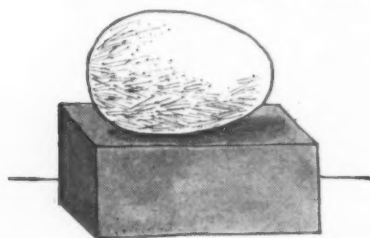


Plate 5. "My Lady Reclineth." Carving in Purbeck Marble — School of Brancusi.

of confusing side-issues, it mightn't be a bad idea to do the whole thing again in iodine on an enormous sheet of corrugated iron (Post-Passmorian Recessionalism): a novel and lively choice of mediums can often help to pull a borderline picture out of the rut. The central idea behind the work (going one better than Kandinsky and the Blaue Reiter) might be to rediscover a whole row of souls—as it might be, reading from left to right, those of Miss Janet Flack, Mr. Jordan Cleft, Miss Hattie Brainwaite and the Hon. Jocelyn Makeweather, Lord Curlew's second son who hunts with the Black and Tan.

By the way, it almost always pays to draw attention to the *effect* that your completed work ought to have on the spectator. Frightening fairy-like Gaudier-Brzeskaish effects are particularly popular these days, and it is even arguable that, provided he can claim that he has achieved an original work whose effect on the sensitive observer is sufficiently *uncomforting*, it will not be necessary for the non-artist to bother about cooking up an explanation of how he did it.

If, as is also apt to happen, the final effect (see Plates 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6) of a work of modern non-art turns out to be faintly ridiculous, attention may always be drawn to the non-artist's rapier-keen sense of humour.

#### 7. NON-ART STAGE-FURTHERISM LIGHTLY TOUCHED ON

I have room for only one additional line of approach in this necessarily constricted survey. Besides the type of non-art where you afterwards discover that you have repeated or developed someone else it is also perfectly legitimate for the non-artist to produce

work which deliberately sets out to develop, in a humble non-art manner, some other Modern Artist from the point where he seems to have left off. Stage-Furtherism, or Logical-Conclusionism as this is sometimes called, was a favourite pastime of the Master's and as a useful occupation for a wet Saturday you might do worse than look into the question of whether there are any conclusions to which you can logically develop *him*. For instance, it will be recalled that in his Pre-Rose Bateau Lavoir Period he decided, for reasons which needn't concern us now, to "lengthen his forms and allow his limbs to separate themselves from his bodies and peel off into encircling arabesques." The non-artist, using (for reasons which can easily be arrived at) sections of prolonged standard humorous little men, might lucratively extend this idea by allowing his limbs to separate themselves from his bodies and peel off into other Art Galleries. Another example of Stage-Furtherism is shown at Plates 5 and 6.

#### 8. INCONCLUSIONISM

Finally I would say only this. It may well be that, in future, Modern Art will move more and more into the orbit of the non-artist (reactionaries say that since Cézanne died it has never been anywhere else), and there are certainly signs already that, with his greater freedom over art-forms and wider choice of inspirations, the non-artist is in a position to explore realms of a strangeness and incomprehensibility beyond the grasp of all but the Grand Masters of the Movement.

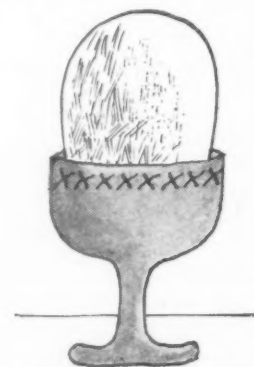
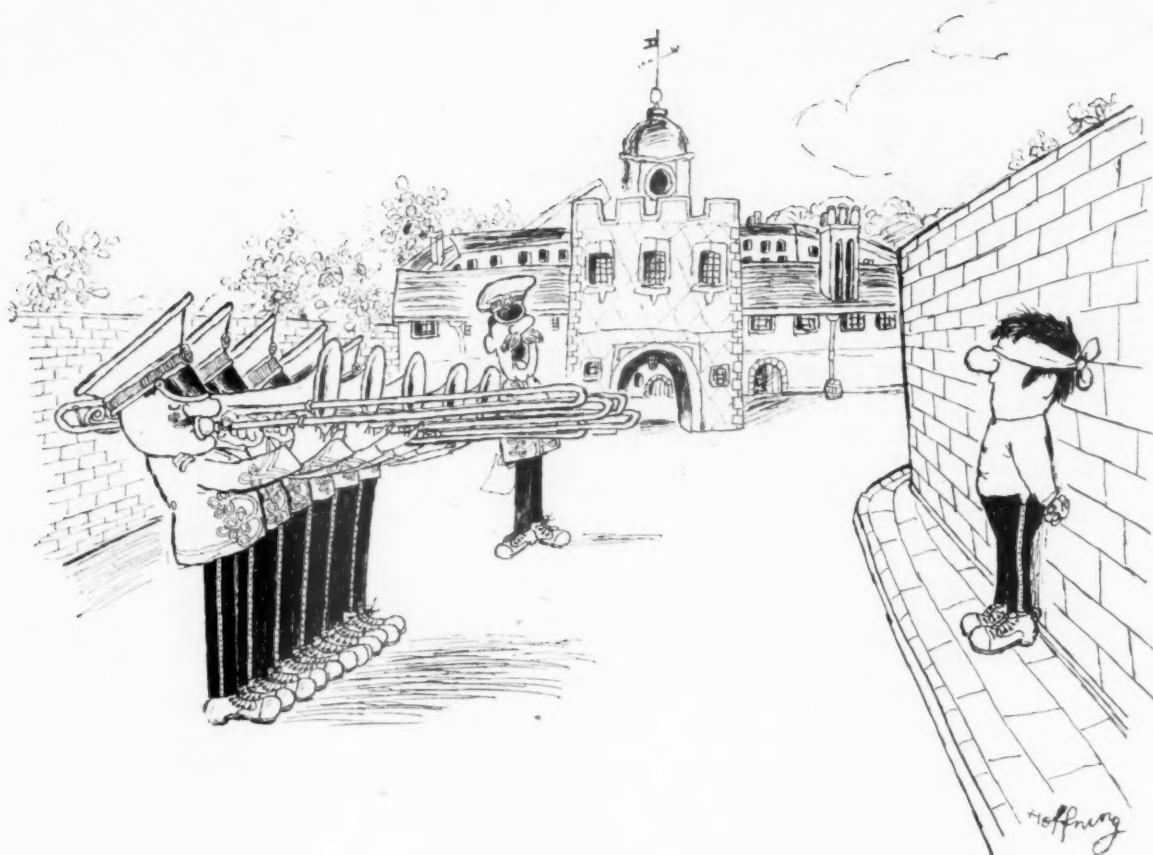


Plate 6. "My Lady in her Cups." Preliminary non-artistic study, illustrating logical-conclusionist development of carving shown at Plate 5.



## Some of the People Some of the Time

By ALEX ATKINSON

**I** DON'T think television is strangling Rep. Nor do I believe that *all* Reps close in batches of three because of the rising price of seats, or because of competition from the cinema, the dogs, espresso bars, Penguin books, or the pools. I have a theory of my own, which is so unspeakably horrid that nobody else has been cad enough to put it forward up to now. The fact of the matter is (I will say it as quietly as I can, because I don't want too many people to burst into floods of tears and wish to hit me ever so hard)—the fact of the matter is that some Reps are not very good.

Now, I have always maintained that if customers grow tired of paying three bob week after week to see shambling travesties performed by overworked hasbeens and bright-eyed stars of the distant future with two gestures, three

frocks and a fully paid-up Equity membership, then those customers cannot be blamed for staying at home and getting up a nice game of pontoon instead, with a few bottles of beer and some sardine sandwiches. A man's love for the theatre would have to be fanatical, not to say unnatural, if he continued to patronize the seedy charades that are served up weekly in some of our provincial forcing-houses.

For you mustn't think, those of you who confine your theatre-going to the West End, that bad acting is exclusive to the metropolis. You must understand that if you cast your net a little wider you can dredge up performances that will turn your hair three shades of grey overnight. I know that there are artists living and breathing in London at this

very moment, pulling down their twenty and thirty pounds a week, who would not be entrusted with the part of the Coal Block Vendor in *Junò and the Paycock* by any self-respecting producer in a Village Institute. But, believe me, there are performers in the lower reaches of Rep whose incredible operations upon the stage would be enough to send the gentlest of critics (he shall be nameless) screeching into the street.

I have seen with my own eyes a portly man in his late fifties play Danny in *Night Must Fall*, twice-nightly, with a Lancashire accent and a ginger toupee. I have seen Papa Barrett portrayed by a simpering young person of twenty-five, and I'm damned if he didn't eat part of his whiskers. I have been present at a performance of *Rain* in which Sadie Thompson had varicose veins and somebody else's teeth. I have seen a



Mrs. Danvers in *Rebecca* who crouched on the stairs dressed as Old Mother Hubbard and played for sympathy to such good effect that the audience began to regard the wife as a scheming tart. I have heard of a young man who played Hamlet (once-nightly) and burst into a rousing speech from *Henry V* whenever he dried, and I wish I could have been there. I once watched a leading man, during the first week of his engagement (and the last: but does that help?), stumbling white-faced around the stage, hopelessly entangled in a cruelly long detective part, gabbling insanely at one moment and mutely pleading for help the next, and getting none, until an awful silence fell across the house, and I thought of him as the bull, on its knees, dumbly waiting for a quick dispatch.

I may say that that went on night after night, from Monday to Saturday, and I calculate that the takings for the week must have been in the region of five hundred pounds. I maintain that that money was obtained, as near as makes no difference, by something very close to false pretences.

Some of these circuses are run by fly-by-night operators who scrape together a couple of hundred pounds' worth of tired scenery, a handful of actors and actresses so desperate for solid food that they'll accept the minimum Equity rate or lower, a producer from under the nearest flat stone, and a carpenter and a scenic artist who between them usually do more

honest work than the rest of the outfit put together. Moving into a theatre on a "shares" basis, they then proceed to wheedle what money they can from the town's theatre-goers—mostly old ladies who regard *Smilin' Thru* as the ultimate in modern drama. At the first sign of danger they sack a quarter of the company, concentrate on small-cast plays, and put a notice in the programme saying "Rally Round and Save YOUR Rep." At the second sign they pull up their stakes, sack everybody else, and leave the theatre to the birds. If the birds don't want it, there's always the B.B.C.

And it isn't only the pitiful acting that turns the audiences gradually sour. Production methods also tell their tale. Characters are telescoped, if there aren't enough actors to go round—or cut out altogether. Butlers are turned into maids, and vice versa. Topical gags are introduced. People forget to come on—not only because of drink. Every room has a settee C. and a fireplace down R. Doors jam. People whisper. People rant. For "twice-nightly," long speeches are summarily shortened, by a method known as "topping and tailing." Walls shiver. Tea is colourless. Characterization means make-up. Moves mean nothing. Pipes won't light. I once saw the hands of the clock in *Ten Minute Alibi* go round backwards for the whole of the first act. Ripeness is all, and chaos is come again.

Plays are chosen (a) because they're

so old that only negligible royalties are payable; (b) because the producer's wife says so; (c) because the title sounds dirty; (d) because of a curious superstition that audiences never tire of snarling kitchen comedies about people who are alleged to exist in northern counties and always hang their knickers on a clothes-horse (big laugh) when the factory manager's handsome son comes to tea; and (e) because they have just been made into a film. If a play has nothing else to recommend it, a board placed near the entrance saying "Adults Only" will usually pay dividends.

Meanwhile the good Reps, which I am with difficulty restrained from listing, continue to maintain such a high standard that when their customers chance to go to London they are staggered by the mediocrity that sprouts like a sickly weed among the West End's brilliance.

I am aware that the situation saddens. But let us not, while weeping, blind ourselves to the true reasons for the decline and fall of Rep, which may be summarized as follows:

1. We have eight hundred and nine would-be actors and actresses too many.
2. Some would-be actors and actresses would never be worth a living wage if they practised day and night for forty years.
3. The business has been soiled by too many cheapjack impresarios, who have always admitted privately that "It can't last for ever, but while it does, if you play your cards right, it's as good as owning greyhounds."

There is another point, too. Things have taken such a long time to go from bad to worse because in a good many Rep audiences seventy per cent of the people have about as much theatrical taste and judgment as a tankful of backward goldfish. And since when, may I ask, have fully developed theatrical taste and judgment been considered so essential for the members of an audience?

5 5

"The Rev. B. S. Sapwell said: 'I was rather disappointed. We know he has a little bee in his belfry. Now he has got it off his chest I hoped there would be something this time about the spread of dysentery.'—*Eastern Daily Press*

Well, why not?

# High-Ups

By H. F. ELLIS

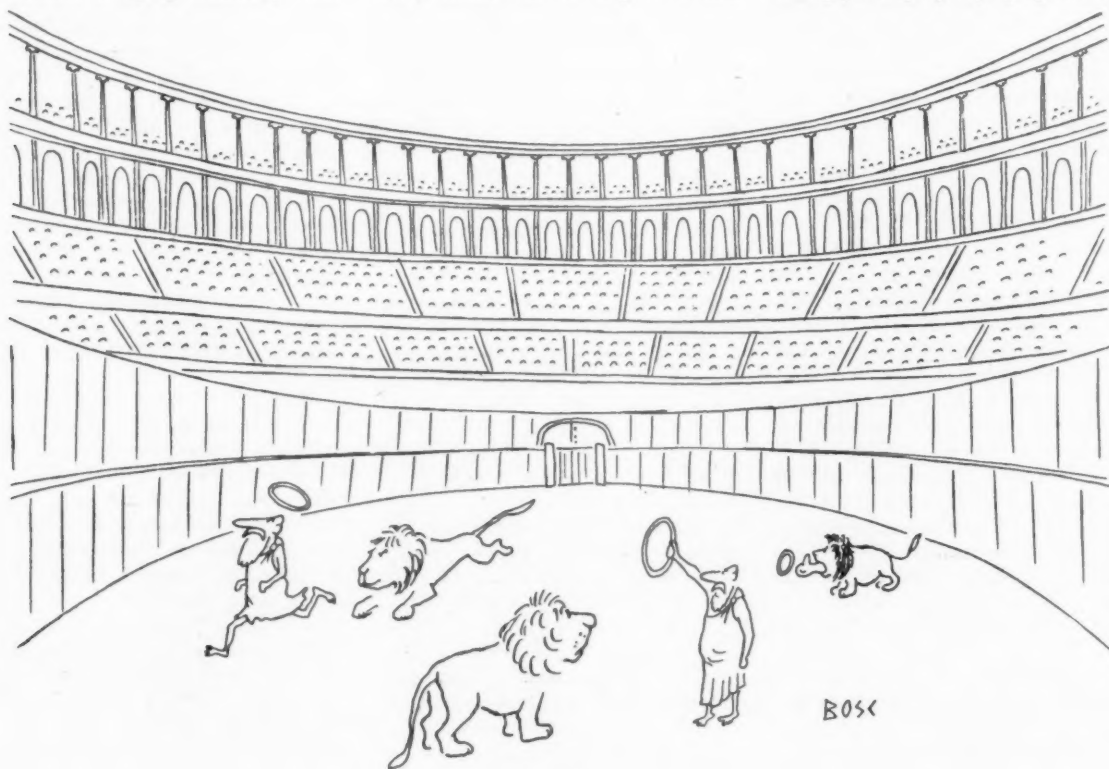
**N**OBODY who loves a tycoon can have read without a little flicker of pleased satisfaction the news that the first "executive type" Vickers Viscount ordered by an industrial organization is due to be delivered shortly to the United States Steel Corporation. Vickers-Armstrongs are making quite a thing of these custom-built executive planes, and have several more on order for top-ranking companies. Just how they are fitted up is anybody's guess—it depends of course on what the customer orders; but it seems reasonable to suppose that in the main they will be a sort of flying board-room, with plenty of clean blotting-paper spaced at intervals down the long walnut table. There will be radio telephones, naturally, and a portrait of the founder, and concealed cupboards in the panelling for whisky.

This is tycoonery *in excelsis*. Hitherto the public has been content to think of the giants of big business as *either* putting through tremendous mergers in their offices *or* flying ceaselessly from

capital to capital with this or that billion-dollar offer in their pockets—each in itself a sufficiently impressive picture, but separate and distinct one from the other. Now the two pictures coalesce into one godlike whole. Merging occurs in mid-air. Colossal decisions are made at twenty thousand feet. The plump, assured figures that step down on to the tarmac at Le Bourget or Idlewild are not merely going to a conference of world-wide importance; they have just come from one.

For anyone with a shred of imaginative insight the development of these executive-type planes is rich in dramatic possibilities. It is hardly too much to say that a new dawn is breaking for lending-library subscribers and cinema-goers. The animosities, the manoeuvrings, the attempts to unseat the ageing but indomitable Chairman, the courageous decision to reject the offer made by Hiram O. Smaltz, all the usual by-play of a properly conducted board meeting, tense though it is at ground level, cannot fail to acquire a new

significance when conducted against a background of turbo-jets, with the weather closing in and severe icing conditions reported ahead. (John P. Marquand, art tha sleepin' there below?) There's nothing like a thunderstorm over the Rockies for bringing out the essential hypocrisy and selfishness of some of the large holders of common stock. That isn't all, either. Look at the contrast between the two different breeds of men brought together, as though in answer to a novelist's prayer, in this tiny world high above the hungry Pacific. Here, on the one hand, surrounded by all the panoply of wealth, sit the hard-faced executives of Bindley Hardboard Associates (a fine old Boston family firm until the rot set in), not one of whom has ever sheared a sheep in his life, while there, on the other, behind the closed doors of the "office," Colin Mardale, clean-living ex-R.A.F. pilot, almost forgets his worries over the expense of his wife's coming confinement as he peers with strained eyes at the falling petrol gauge. (Paging Mr. Nevil





"And now—the first lucky winner—  
Mr. H. Macmillan."

Shute! Paging Mr. Nevil Shute!)  
It's a cinch.

Which of these two distinguished writers will be the first to avail himself of the new opportunities offered it's hard to say (my own guess is that Agatha Christie will be ahead of them both). It would be nice if they could agree to collaborate, with Mr. Marquand handling the business talk and Mr. Shute out there at the controls. But it doesn't greatly signify who actually writes the book; it's the film made from it that's going to be worth waiting for.

Listen for a moment to the crackling of the radio telephone:

"Hullo there. That you, Ackroyd? Listen, Charlie. Find out who owns the controlling interest in Seattle Three-Ply, will you, feller? Old K.J. here claims they're blocking us over that Brazil transfer—That's it, Charlie. Buy 'em up. And Charlie. Call up Mrs. Bindley and tell her I'll be home Friday, planewise."

That was old Mr. Arthur Bindley, President of Bindley Hardboard Associates and tough as teak, talking dollar-wise with his vice-president back in Boston. You'd hardly guess, to see him sitting there in that snug room, with his co-executives around the table and the ticker-tape clicking away, that he was three miles up in the sky—except that one of the curtains has been luckily left askew to show the cumulus streaming by. Meanwhile, behind the sound-proof door at the far end, another radio telephone is busy . . .

"X107 calling Moxon, X107 calling

Moxon. Can you give me a fix, please? I have ten-tenths cloud here and gas getting low. My God, what was that! Over."

See the irony of it? Here are these tycoons engrossed in the sordid search for wealth and yet more wealth, ignorant of the huge elemental forces piling up against them, unaware that in less than three-quarters of an hour . . . Even the lightning flashes that intermittently illuminate the grim faces of the crew fail to penetrate the cosy smugness of the board-room.

Of course, they'll have to be told. It is, I think, just as the President discovers that old K.J. himself, for all his talk of loyalty to the firm, is the holder of the controlling interest in Seattle Three-Ply, which he has just tricked Bindley Hardboard Associates into buying at a fabulous figure—it is at this tense moment that Colin Mardale steps unannounced through the soundproof door and quietly tells them: "I think you ought to know, gentlemen . . ."

It's always interesting to see how different characters react to immediate personal danger. Anybody could have guessed that old K.J. would become hysterical and have to be knocked cold. But it's shameful to hear Mr. Seth Paling, of the Detroit Subsidiary, secretly offering the pilot a block of Preferred Ordinary to get him out of this. Undignified, too, is the fight for the radio telephone by a couple of vice-presidents anxious to increase their life insurance cover. It is Arthur Bindley, however, who takes the eye, and in his indomitable way finally establishes contact with the Boston office. "Listen, Charlie," he says, radio-telephonewise. "Bindley Hardboard Associates is going to lose its board in just about forty—say thirty-seven—minutes from now. Yes.

Well, never mind that now. Get Elmer in as President. Reconstitute. Do what you can to cushion the shock, feller. Keep the stock values up, and watch Uncle William. He'll rat if he gets a half-chance. And Charlie. You might let Mrs. Bindley know . . ."

That's a fine figure there, as he drops the receiver back slowly into place and has a half-hour flashback covering his whole career from the time he went to Harvard up to the final battle with Hyman's Pressed Paper and Pelmetts. The only one of them all old-fashioned enough to put the firm's interests above his own even at a time like this. "Well, we're in your hands now, Captain," he says quietly to Colin Mardale. "Tell us what we have to do."

But Colin is looking at Sylvia Penrose, old K.J.'s confidential air hostess, as she waits composedly, with her steady ex-Wren's eyes fixed on his, for orders. Fond as he is of Kay and the children, he can't help admitting to himself that it is a girl like this with whom he would choose to face the hard open air life in Australia for which he has always longed.

Well, of course there's no knowing how it all ends. It depends a bit on the author. Either the plane gets down all right at San Francisco, and all the tycoons start chiselling each other again on a proper note of hopeless cynicism. Or it is farther off course than we thought, and the pilot has to make a forced landing up at Woolonga in north Victoria, where the invigorating air and wide upland pastures soon persuade everybody to get out of hardboard and start rearing sheep. In either case, Colin Mardale and Sylvia Penrose—but there's a touch of tragedy there, out of keeping with a custom-built executive type plane.

## A Shropshire Reservist

THE Army sent to look for me,  
For Parliament did say  
"A soldier you again must be  
For seven-and-six a day."

For seven-and-six a day did I  
Take off the things I wore,  
And marched away to do or die,  
As I had marched before.

Till I am called to strike a blow  
My punches I must pull,  
And since I cannot fight the foe  
I battle with the bull.

And I can neither raise my price,  
Nor strike for higher pay,  
But stay a soldier, stored in ice,  
For seven-and-six a day.

E. V. MILNER

# Make Your Own Epigrams

By PETER DICKINSON

FOR no good reason I spent a recent Sunday morning palely loitering through one of the thousand-and-one books that seem to have been published under the title of *The World's 1,001 Best Epigrams*; like its companions in wit it must have been compiled as an exercise in world-weariness and any mental tangent became an avenue of hope. Just as I was about to be reduced to trying to find anagrams of O'Flaherty I hit on a possible solution to something that had been bothering the back of my mind all morning, like a ghost in the servants' quarters. Why 1,001? It might be, I realized, a combination of two virtues in the editors: a rare awareness of their own fallibility and an even rarer kindness to statisticians. The reader who wishes to submit the book to numerical analysis need only delete the worst joke in it, then he will find that his results come out in handy ready-to-cook percentages.

Luckily I had no time to do this, and no call either, as during my morning's reading the irony had entered into my soul quite enough for me to be able to see how a detailed analysis would work out: the main conclusion would certainly support the far too sparsely held belief that one of the differences between an epigram and *The Faerie Queene* is that not all of us could have written *The Faerie Queene*. The average epigram is a cliché, proverb, quotation, or even another epigram, turned inside out, and if Norman Hartnell or I or some other man in the street can't do that as well as the best of them there seems to be small point in our boasting of our illiberal education. I am not saying that the Master of the Whaddon Chase would have produced Act III of *Lady Windermere's Fan* in the same form that Wilde did, but given a good anthology of Moral Precepts and enough lack of reverence for them he could certainly have hacked out most of its *mots* and a deal of Shaw besides. After that, it is true, he would need not only a good filing system but also the effrontery to make one of his characters ask "What is a cynic?" so that another can pounce with his famous definition.

As it is only our unfelt wants that seem to get satisfied nowadays, it is quite

likely that something will be done to alter, if not remedy, this situation. It is obviously quite unrealistic to campaign for either better or fewer epigrams, but it does look as though two steps may be taken to bring conversational sparkle into our most impoverished mansions. The first, which is not in fact the step that counts, is a School of Wit. Here, in the luxuriously equipped gymnasium, students would learn just enough Yoga to enable them to achieve the relaxation proper for a day-long doodling with selected phrases from *Brewer*. They would see, in practical demonstrations, how a saw is as easy as a sock to turn inside out. They would be taught the importance of being a mean man in the clichés and the social dangers of saying half a *mot*.

But, more important than a School, there will be some sort of Trade and Exchange centre. Now one can no longer publish an epigram as such, let alone put on a Martial air and produce twelve books of them, attempts to give the wares a brighter wrapping by calling them Peppigrams or Quippigrams have failed to liven the market. The epigram has been reduced to being part of something else; it must be worked in to come in front of a pause for laughter in a speech at the Academy Banquet, for instance. Also it must have a bearing on something or someone. On *Curulus*, a *Bald Miser* is no longer an excuse for a quatrain, but a man might get away

with "We needs must love the Dulles when we see it" if he happened to meet anyone to say it to while the Secretary of State was here. Epigrammatists nowadays are in the position of having plenty of ammunition, but being forced to hope that a target will fly across their line of fire. Not that there are not plenty of targets, but what is needed is a method of bringing them and the epigrammatist together.

At first I envisaged a race of kindly middle-men. Youth comes gasping up the stairs to the office of Wm. Timmle, who looks like, and is, a cross between a literary agent and a private detective. "Listen to this," says Youth.

*"Ti-tum was born to exercise his brain  
In Sciences less human than humane."*

"Delightful, quite delightful," says Timmle. "Shall I try to place it in something for Bertrand Russell's hundredth birthday?"

"Is there nothing before that?"

"Well, if you would think of making one tiny alteration, changing 'less' to 'more' in the second line, there's bound to be someone knighted for services to the atom in the next Honours List."

But on consideration I cannot see where Timmle's percentage is going to come from. It looks as though we are in for yet another Trade Paper. This will consist, naturally, mainly of advertisements, jewels five lines long for 25s.

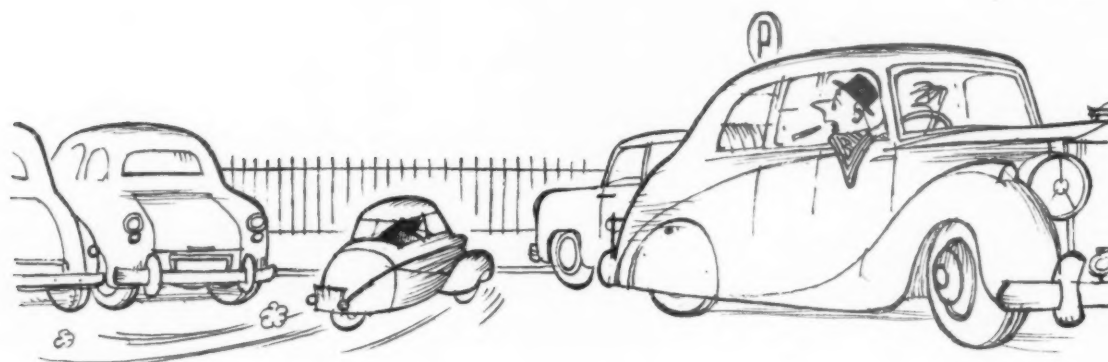
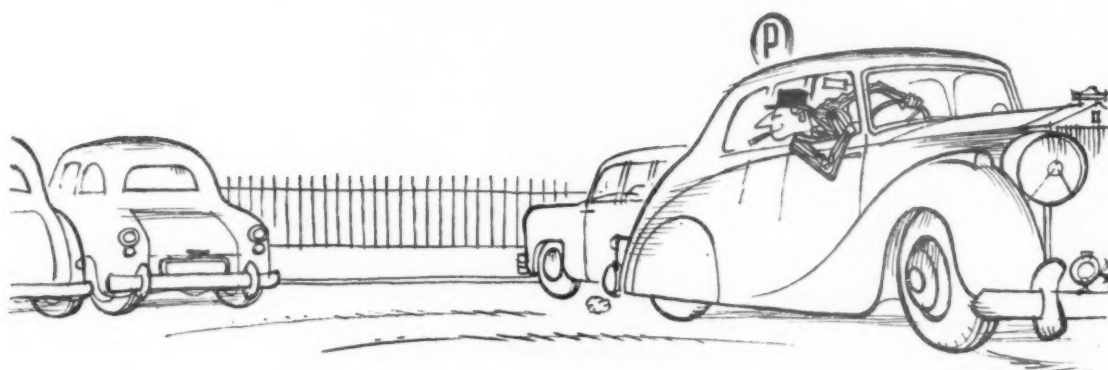
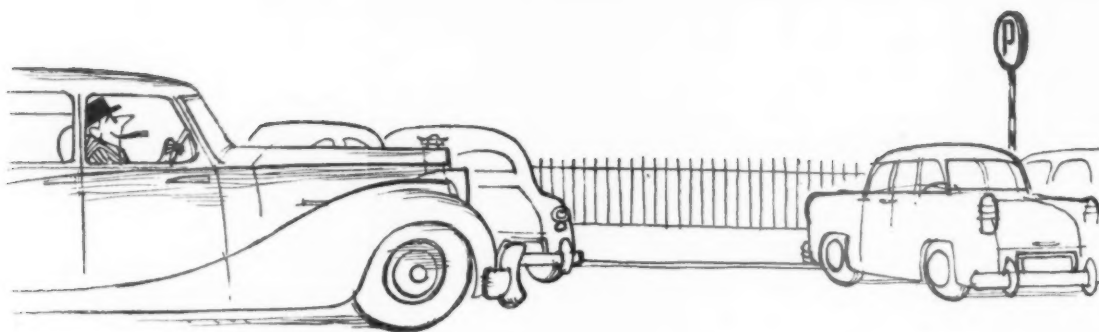
GENTLEMAN, leader of well-known political party, must have by Nov. 2 several telling phrases to justify or conceal apparent inertia.—Write Box 2047.

SECOND-HAND wit made as good as your own for a nominal fee. Write Box 3654.

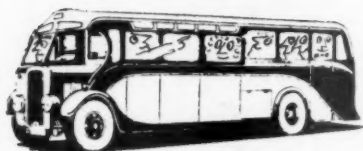
LET US MARKET YOUR MOTS . . .

and so on. But even in the improved conditions of the future it does not look as though they will be able to exclude all editorial matter from the paper. There will be a news item or two about the provenance of the latest Parliamentary cross-talk act and feature articles on *Who Said Whistler was a Wit?* I myself may even find a niche there, writing reviews of books called *The World's 1,001 Best Epigrams*. With luck there will be some new ones by then.





Norman Mansbridge



## In the City

### Calling in the Old World . . .

THE proposal that Britain should sign up with Western Europe to form a European Common Market has been blessed by leading liberal intellectuals everywhere. As one man they have responded to Mr. Macmillan's announcement by reaching for their pens to sign avowals of support and spritely Cobdenite letters to the Press. For years the thoughtful middle classes of this country have regarded the passing of the Liberal Party with sorrow and a feeling of guilt: and here they had an opportunity to declare their true colours, to reaffirm their faith in Adam Smith, Gladstone, the principles of free trade and elementary economic theory.

This wordy and worthy attempt to call in the Old World to redress the balance of the New—inspired, primarily, by a dawning recognition of the fact that the bonds of Empire are slackening—has produced a splendid crop of textbook arguments for free trade. It will mean, we are told, that all the advantages of the division of labour will be ours, that countries will specialize on the jobs they can do best, goods will be made where costs are lowest, and material prosperity will spread like Paris fashions from country to country. We are even told that "German cut-glass tumblers and jug would sell here at £5 instead of £6," and that a "British light tweed suit-length now £10 15s. would sell in Germany for £9." So far, so good.

It is the logical French, however, who see the full implications of a European Common Market. The French revive the old cry of "sweated labour." They want fair competition; they don't want to be handicapped by their own conception of social progress, and they expect, therefore, that other signatory countries will adopt their own (French) notions of what constitutes a working week and what charges industry should bear. In particular they want the Germans to introduce "equal pay,"

holidays with pay, and social reforms that would step up German prices.

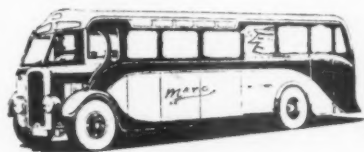
In other words the French believe—and in my view quite rightly—that to devise a customs union without safeguards is like putting the cart before the horse. No one doubts that a Common Market could be set up—on paper. But how long would it last? When they draw facile parallels with the free trade that exists between the United States or the free-ish trade within the Commonwealth, the eager proponents of the Common Market forget that in these two areas there are virtually no restrictions on the flow of labour and money. They forget that trade follows the flag of economic and social equality. In a United States of Europe free trade would result quite naturally from free speech, free exchanges and free movement, but in a Europe managed as a group of closed

shops free trade would last only until it proved inconvenient to one market.

Between competing sovereign powers free trade cannot operate effectively unless there is unrestricted private enterprise, and in this age of economic paternalism no country can allow its overseas traders to escape from controls. Free trade—such as it was—in the nineteenth century meant sudden death for scores of industries, unemployment and redeployment on a vast scale: would any member of a Common Market care to see a repetition of all this? Would any government to-day survive the threat of such economic disruption? And would its free trade agreements ever be more than scraps of paper?

In my view the idea of a European supermarket is valuable only as bait—to get us all talking and planning along the lines of Sir Winston Churchill's United States of Europe. MAMMON

\* \* \*



## In the Country

### Exercise in Economy

THERE'S no luxury quite so extravagant as economy; nor anything so ridiculously wasteful as efficiency. Another conclusion I've come to is that if anyone else comes along to my farm with any more ideas on how I can save labour or increase production I'll have to put the place up for sale: there's nothing so ruinous as improvement.

A year ago I scrapped my old pigsties which were little better than semi-detached hovels. In the name of better living for pigs I built a new Dutch piggery. Like most modern improvements this was designed to get those who had been improved towards the slaughter-house the sooner. Pigs are like men: they believe in reform for its own sake and will grunt approval to any expensive innovation, even though its purpose is to make them into martyrs, or bacon, or both.

When a neighbour called on me a month ago I took some pleasure in showing him these improvements. He watched me feed the pigs as I slopped

the meal-pail into a trough and went back to the bin to fill my pail again. I even have a tap too. But he didn't seem very impressed.

"How would you like to walk to Glasgow?" he asked me.

"I don't go in for hiking."

"What are you doing now? You've got ten pens twenty yards away, so you trot two hundred yards to feed each lot of pigs their meal, and the same distance again for their water. That's a mile a day, three hundred and sixty-five miles a year, the same distance as from here to Glasgow."

"I feel quite tired," I said, "now you mention it."

"Why don't you buy a trolley and put six or seven pails on it at once?"

The trolley cost me £8 10s., not to mention the six extra buckets.

But my neighbour's mind works quickly. Last week he was back again, persuading me to abandon the trolley in favour of the latest method of feeding pigs, which entails sluicing their meal down to the pens all at once by connecting their troughs together.

This improvement cost me a further £35, not to mention the extra cigarettes I smoke watching my automatic feeding gadget doing the work which used to keep me trim. Now there's nothing for it but to take a walk to get some exercise. As I say, there's no luxury like economy, nor anything so wasteful as efficiency. It even drives a lazy man like me out for an unnecessary and aimless amble. RONALD DUNCAN



## CRITICISM



### BOOKING OFFICE

#### Eros and Agape

**Passion and Society.** Denis de Rougemont. *Faber, 30/-*

**T**HIS remarkably interesting book first appeared in England in 1940. It is now republished with certain emendations and additions. Those who are attracted by the terms "Passion" and "Society" as separate entities should be warned that there is a good deal of pretty solid historical analysis to be encountered in its pages, but persons who can face a little stiff reading about mediæval heresies will find much here that is worth pondering on.

Briefly, M. Denis de Rougemont's argument is that the European idea of romantic love took shape in the twelfth century when it was given expression by the Troubadours of Provence. He takes the view (disputed by some historians on the ground of lack of evidence) that the Troubadours themselves were, as it were, the poets of the powerful heretical sect called the Cathars, who were wiped out, at the instance of the Pope, in the Albigensian "crusade."

The destruction of the Albigensians was so ruthless and so complete that it is not easy to know with certainty what were the foundations of their beliefs; but there seems to have been a basic Manichæism, that is to say a creed that accepted the existence of Satan as coeternal with God: an eternal struggle between good and evil. M. de Rougemont indicates the manner in which a religious and philosophical approach of this kind could result in a breakaway from an earlier attitude towards marriage, love and passion.

He does this in the first place by a careful investigation of the myth of Tristram and Iseult, a story which presents many fascinating features when examined in its various and complicated aspects. This myth is presented by M. de Rougemont both as the most perfect expression of the "courtly" love propagated by the Troubadours (even though the hero should, strictly speaking, have loved the married heroine only platonically) and also as the prototype

from which all future novels, plays and films having their basis in romantic love ultimately flowed.

As a result of the growth of this conception Europe—and even more America—has added to its general acceptance of monogamous marriage an almost equal—and certainly increasing—belief in romantic love. In the United States, indeed, it would be true to say that romantic love is normally regarded as something that inevitably

to me rather to overload the volume. We all know that love and war have much in common, but his chapters on this subject to some extent distract attention here from the main theme. Perhaps another book was really required.

One of the important points he considers is the revolution that has taken place in the circumstances of marriage itself. It is no longer something arranged, as in the past, for almost wholly financial considerations in which the personal wishes of the two parties were largely or entirely ignored. In the Middle Ages, for example, it was a virtual necessity of existence for a widow to remarry. Now women can earn their own living, while economic changes have reduced almost to extinction the reasons for "dynastic" unions, or *mariages de convenance*, in any class of society. I think it would be a reasonable criticism of this book to say that the problems are usually approached from a male angle.

Perhaps the most interesting and controversial question of all, among those dealt with here, is at what stage is love to be called "romantic love." We are told that the Ancients regarded it as madness but, when it came to the point, was their behaviour really different to that of people "after the Troubadours"? Certainly it is true that their literature was different; but it seems, from what evidence is available, that the Troubadours themselves, and their patrons, drew a distinction between literature and life. In practice they apparently went on living in much the same way as the rest of the world, whatever love their songs may have celebrated. Have we, on the other hand, become hopelessly at sea as a result of all this southern poetry? It is all a very interesting problem.

ANTHONY POWELL



and rightly leads to marriage, whatever the existing circumstances of those concerned.

All the above is, of course, only a crude simplification of what the author has to say. He himself has had to simplify philosophical and historical ideas to make his points, many of which depend on the largely indefinable action of human feelings. Mr. Montgomery Belgium has, indeed, at times been hard put to it to translate some of the language of definition which has necessarily to be kept from becoming too arbitrary.

Obviously an enormous amount of debatable ground has to be covered in a book of this sort; and when M. de Rougemont tacks on to his observations on love a consideration of passion's development into the death-wish, and the European attitude towards war, stimulating as much of this is, he seems

### Island Saga

**The Tribe that Lost Its Head.** Nicholas Monsarrat. *Cassell, 18/-*

Mr. Monsarrat's first novel, *This is the Schoolroom*, was written with enough professional expertise for a discerning

critic to foresee the author's future success—confirmed by the phenomenal sales of *The Cruel Sea* several years later. One could also admire the choice of a deliberately difficult and controversial theme in its successor, *The Story of Esther Costello*.

It would be unfair, however, to dismiss Mr. Monsarrat as a mere best-seller, for he combines, with his flair for a topical subject, a narrative gift and the ability to portray a multiplicity of characters, some of which, in the present case, are not—as occasionally in *The Cruel Sea*—compounded of cardboard or celluloid. His saga of a fictitious British Protectorate, set on an island in the Atlantic Ocean, where the Christian Sign of the Fish suddenly "became the symbol of revolt and obscene death," deserves to be read by highbrow and lowbrow alike, not only for its superficial resemblance to recent events but for the talents referred to above, which many writers for the "select few" might attempt, with advantage, to develop.

J. M.-R.

**Comrade X.** G. A. Tokaev. *The Harvill Press*, 21/-

Colonel Tokaev is a renowned Russian aeronautical engineer who adhered to the underground Revolutionary Democrat movement headed by "Comrade X," a highly-placed party member. This book purports to tell the story of the movement; but alas, so much caution is required in writing about Comrade X and his associates that they hardly appear, and their activities as recorded are confined to speaking daggers but using none. Tokaev's own story, however, between 1935 and his flight in 1948, is told in detail, and wonderfully interesting it is, especially his accounts of wartime Moscow and of his post-war existence in Germany, where his task (which he refused) was to organize the kidnapping of German aircraft engineers.

All the same, one would like Colonel Tokaev more if he had also declined the task of writing this book. All this vilification of his erstwhile rulers will earn little sympathy, even for a brave and honest man, in a country conditioned to cases like his by the example of Messrs. Burgess and Maclean.

B. A. Y.

**Adonis and the Alphabet.** Aldous Huxley. *Chatto and Windus*, 18/-

In the end one feels the same kind of despair about Mr. Aldous Huxley that he himself feels about the universe. Why on earth, the reader asks himself, can't he stop beefing about the H-bomb, and evil smells, and sexual idiosyncrasies? Haven't we heard it all from him a thousand, thousand times before? Besides,

A distinctive calendar for 1957 decorated by twenty-eight drawings from *Punch* is published by G. Delgado Ltd., 53/5 East Road, London, N.1. A metal loop at the top simplifies hanging.

now that Mr. Huxley himself has become almost completely Americanized, his particular stock-in-trade has grown, for some reason, less acceptable. He somehow lacks the snap we expect from Transatlantic authors of standing, yet he adopts an American standpoint while retaining the depressing qualities of an Old World pessimism.

Of course he is a writer with remarkable powers of expression and unsurpassed stock of assorted information who can grasp and clearly explain philosophical subtleties; but so often there is a strong impression that he can't see the wood for the trees; or, perhaps one should say, distinguish the mess from the mescaline. What a relief it is, in these essays, when he gets on to the subject of an old Latin dictionary, covered with drawings and doodles by the owner, which had once belonged to the painter, Toulouse-Lautrec, as a boy. There he displays something of real interest and worthy of his comments.

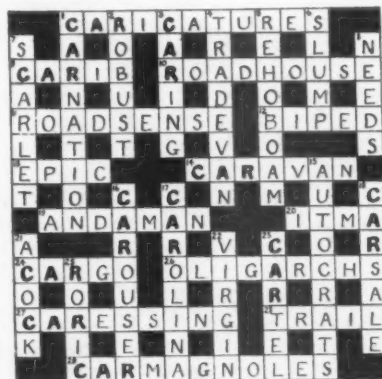
A. P.

**The Civil Service: Some Human Aspects.**

Frank Dunnill. *Allen and Unwin*, 18/-

Mr. Dunnill argues that the formalism, timidity and harshness with which the Civil Service is charged are largely due to the sudden expansion in the War, when men who had had little education and had spent many years in deadening routine suddenly shot up into much higher grades. The Administrative class is no longer an intellectual élite but to a surprisingly large extent recruited from lower down, and the Executive class contains many ageing ex-Clericals who are hostile to anything that threatens the peaceful close of their service careers, whether a new idea or a member of the public needing help. The newer entrants are of much better quality; but though the old N.C.O.s will be gone before long they may leave a jack-in-office tradition behind them unless more attention is paid to training and management.

The middle grades of the Service are usually overlooked in discussion, but in the Welfare State they are increasingly



Solution to last week's crossword

511



Holloway

"It's frightfully embarrassing—three bank clerks, four schoolteachers and the vicar."

in a position to foster or retard human happiness. Mr. Dunnill, despite repetition, covers new ground interestingly and treads on corns with a cheering crunch.

R. G. G. P.

**Raymond and I.** Elizabeth Robins. *Hogarth Press*, 21/-

Elizabeth Robins and her much younger brother, Raymond, had an unusually near mental relationship as children. Raymond at twenty-three, after a most promising start in the Law, vanished into Alaska on what started as a quest for gold and ended in the pursuit of ascendancy over his fellows. Elizabeth, already established in London as Ibsen actress and best-seller author (this was at the turn of the century), made the arduous journey to bring him back; but only rarely can youthful bonds be re-tied in maturity and she never really caught up with him. She found some of her "dear brother," but most of him, intensely fulfilled through his power over the fighting, sprawling, primitive community of Nome, had escaped for ever round a chicane in his character that was an insuperable obstacle to her.

A record of her journeyings and visit to Nome, this book has a rather disjointed and confusing way with letter quotes, and discloses intriguingly little about Raymond's real life, but it is a record of much courage and wisdom, nevertheless.

J. D.

**Modern English Painters:** Lewis to Moore. John Rothenstein. *Eyre and Spottiswoode*, 35/-

This sequel to Sir John Rothenstein's earlier volume, *Modern English Painters: Sickert to Smith*, deals individually with

Wyndham Lewis, Duncan Grant, James Innes, L. S. Lowry, Paul Nash, C. R. W. Nevinson, Edward Wadsworth, Stanley Spencer, Mark Gertler, John Nash, Gilbert Spencer, Roy de Maistre, Ben Nicholson, William Roberts, David Jones and Henry Moore. The eldest of these artists was born in 1884 and the youngest in 1898. Obviously someone with even the most superficial interest in painting would see that these names represent many very different levels of achievement; and it would be hard to find any common denominator to their work. At the same time it is an excellent thing to have some account of them put on record for future generations.

Sir John Rothenstein has known personally all but one of the painters of whom he writes, and he is able to give tactful indications of how their different personalities struck him. It would not be true to say that one's heart absolutely leaps at the thought of some of the work discussed here, but the volume does convey a coherent picture of a considerable aspect of English painting during the past forty years: some of it excellent enough.

A. P.

## AT THE PLAY



*Plaintiff in a Pretty Hat*

(DUCHESS)

Music Hall (METROPOLITAN)

ANY theatregoer schooled in his Brecht, Betti and Beckett is in for a terrible disappointment over Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Williams's play. Is this all that the Theatre has learned, he will ask, from the examples set before it? Where are the introverts and prostitutes

and manic depressives? Where the black despair, the talk of death and worms and the meaninglessness of life? An enlightened director, at various points in the action, might easily have introduced a few gobbets of doggerel philosophy, sung to gongs and formless pluckings. All such opportunities were blindly ignored. The setting, instead of presenting some raw, forbidding pattern of juxtaposed shapes conveying a state of mind, is actually got up to look like an ordinary, lived-in sort of sitting-room. There isn't a mask anywhere. The mother-image is cold-shouldered throughout. At the end, slipping back into a stale, out-dated convention, the characters pair off in couples of opposite sexes, and the fashionable topic of interval conversation—"What do you suppose it means?"—never gets a look-in at all. Naturally, an audience confronted with this derisory material will spend most of its evening laughing, which is just what happens, and will continue to happen as long as the silly, simple-minded, undemanding playgoers come forward in sufficient numbers to lend their support to this disgraceful cultural set-back. (What else can a play be called which merely tells a little tale of love and marriage among the impoverished nobility?)

The cast of five (2m., 2f., 1 character m., as the catalogue for amateurs will eventually put it) share the honours pretty evenly. It is an actor's play, not in that it affords rich chances to tear a passion to tatters—it only waves neat, coloured ribbons—but in that the performances are much more than half the battle. Where the writing lacks conviction it borrows heavily from the

player, so that Richard Johnson's Lord Plynlimmon overcomes by its poise and attack the wishy-washiness lurking in the text, and Andrée Melly's newspaper-woman, though preposterously more enchanting than any who flounces behind the by-lines of our national Press, convinces that there may just possibly be one so unoffensive, and that this is she. Hugh Williams himself, whose charm is his fortune, once more brings off the rare feat of not seeming to know that he has any.

If the music hall is dying it is probably from malnutrition. Last week's bill at the Metropolitan, Edgware Road, was a mere skeleton of talent, and made television entertainers seem giants by comparison. In fairness it should be said that it was "Rock 'n' Roll" week—to-day's evanescent vogues have to be caught on the wing—which meant accent on din, and led singers even of old favourites (quite different from Olde Tyme favourites) to invite the audience to "join in with a bit of hand-clapping; let's get the house rocking and rolling." The audience obliged submissively, but there was no dancing in the aisles, and anyone who had gone to find out what "Rock 'n' Roll" was, exactly, must have come away still not knowing. The comedians ran through well-tryed routines; one young man who must have been in his cradle when "Schnozzle" Durante was at the height of his fame gave an impersonation of "Schnozzle" Durante, mimed to records. Miming to records seems to be the thing nowadays, and it is hard to see how any conscientious artist can be content to strike attitudes while the wax-caught gifts of another do most of the performing for him. Topical jokes were few and mild. Two successive comedians introduced their pianists as Liberace's brother, and as the jest went well both times there is perhaps little encouragement for artists to work at real wit. The show, if pedestrian, was as clean as a whistle. More may perhaps be heard of a comic named Bobby Dennis who, after a poor start ("Before I speak I'd like to say a few words"), recovered well and imposed his high spirits on a house which nearly exhausted his stock of gags about the laughs he ought to be getting and wasn't. They were a sullen lot, but even they were disarmed when he took a step to the footlights and asked ruefully "Have you ever had that feeling you're in the wrong business?"

### Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

*A View from the Bridge* (Comedy—but it will cost you a New Watergate Theatre Club membership fee—10/10/56); Anouilh's witty *Waltz of the Toreadors* (Criterion—14/3/56); *Mr. Bolfry*, a worthwhile Bridie revival (Aldwych—5/9/56).

J. B. BOOTHROYD



Jennifer Wren—ANDRÉE MELLY

*The Earl of Heclyn*—HUGH WILLIAMS



## AT THE BALLET

*Giselle* (COVENT GARDEN)

"INCOMPARABLE" comes too readily to the hard-driven pen, but in the full and absolute sense it is the *mot juste* for Ulanova whose second appearance in the Bolshoi season was awaited with unexampled eagerness. In *Giselle* she was to dance a rôle allowing exact comparisons.

It seemed too much to hope that anything could be added to the exquisite artistry with which our generation has become familiar in the portrayal of this part; but Ulanova as *Giselle* surpasses all other *prime ballerine absolute* not simply in added excellencies and refinements of emotion but in inner illumination. As with her Juliet she is the young girl in the drama of the village and the world of spirits. Herein is a mystery of possession. Ulanova is possessed by the spirit of *Giselle*. Her dancing is superlatively lovely in its romantic lyricism, perfectly controlled; but it is the indescribable minutiae of her acting which foster the illusion of seeing *Giselle* for the first time. We are absorbed into the young girl's being, and her emotions become ours.

What have other illustrious *ballerine* to learn from Ulanova? My answer is—nothing. Her art is beyond the analysis of musicality, dancing, acting, sincerity and sensitivity, in all of which she is supreme, but all of which are instruments of her *dæmon*. Explanation may be sought in the strain of mysticism in Slavonic character, but one must, I suggest, look further to an underlying dedication. Mundane terms are meaningless in discussing a miracle of the spirit. Ulanova is not to be imitated, for she is inimitable.

The rest of the cast lives up to the high standard set, and every dancer deserves particular mention. Outstanding are Gleb Yevdokimov, dazzling with his phenomenal mastery and brilliance in the famous *pas de deux* in Act I; and Rimma Karelskaya, convincingly unearthly and poetical as Queen of the Wilis. Change of accent here and there and some simplification give needed emphasis to the story. It gains much, for instance, from Hilarion's (Alexander Lapauri) being a personable young forester and not the usually sinister figure who could never, one feels, have successfully wooed *Giselle*.

C. B. MORTLOCK



## AT THE PICTURES

*The Mountain—Attack!*

THERE are two immensely strong points about *The Mountain* (Director: Edward Dmytryk). One is Spencer Tracy, whose authority as an actor is such that he has us watching him with concentrated attention for minutes on

end even while he is doing no more than pottering about a little house rearranging things or getting ready for bed; and the other, the basic one, is the theme. Most of the film is concerned with the climbing of a mountain. We follow it step by step, in (vertical) inches sometimes, and somehow the very idea of a dangerous and difficult climb touches the nerve-roots in almost everybody, so that the mere sight of a man climbing can be positively hypnotic. (It may be remembered that a climber should never look down—and the very reason that makes it unwise for him to look down powerfully reinforces the suspense and the *frisson* for us, as we do, while we watch him.)

The story begins with an air-liner crash, which we are shown before the credit titles. A spur of the mountain (in the Alps) slices off a wing, and the plane disintegrates in the snow near the summit; in the wreckage the "Fasten Seat Belts" panel winks faintly, and then silence. Then action begins in the little village at the foot of the mountain, where a respected one-time mountaineer and guide (Mr. Tracy) with a worthless younger brother (Robert Wagner) is urged to lead a search party. Knowing more about the dangers of the mountain than anyone else, he refuses; but when his brother proposes to climb and loot the plane on his own, the older man's devotion moves him to go, against his will and bitterly protesting, to help the thief get up without killing himself.

It is a text-book climb, involving all the most perilous difficulties in turn, and it is shown in a way that raises suspense sometimes to almost screaming pitch. Here it is not a question of acting, but of calculating cinematic skill in the juxtaposition of shots—including, as I say, that occasional very effective glimpse downwards, past the hundreds of feet of nothingness below the tentatively scrapping boot or grasping hand. This is the centre of the picture, the profoundly gripping part of it; and yet it has something to stir the mind and the emotions, as well as the solar plexus. For most of that we can thank Mr. Tracy, who is a great man.

There have been protests in the U.S. about the war film *Attack!* (Director: Robert Aldrich) as a "libel on the armed forces" and one thing and another. True, one or two of the important personages are of dubious character: one is a cowardly officer (Eddie Albert) willing to throw men's lives away rather than take the risk of trying to support them, and it is made clear that he might be relieved of his command if his father were not a judge capable of helping his politically ambitious colonel after the war. The point is that, given these perfectly possible characters in these circumstances, all this could happen; nobody is suggesting that there were many such people or that they were typical. (The point about any story is, or



[The Mountain

Zachary Teller, the man higher up—

SPENCER TRACY

should be, that it is about particular individuals.)

And as a story, about these particular men in the war, the picture is well done and quite absorbing. Mr. Albert, hitherto known mainly for comedy parts, makes a convincingly unpleasant impression as the blustering coward, and all the other men—there are no women in the cast at all—are memorable in their own way. The battle scenes have the rough, harsh verisimilitude of newsreel shots (for all I know they may include genuine newsreel shots), and as a whole the piece is well worth while.

\* \* \* \* \*

**Survey**  
(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In London—Marilyn Monroe in *Bus Stop*, of which more next week; the three big musicals, *Guys and Dolls* (3/10/56), *The King and I* (26/9/56) and *Oklahoma!* (19/9/56); and *The Bad Seed* (5/9/56).

*The Bad Seed* is also among the new releases. Others include the British comedy *The Green Man* (26/9/56) and the French *Every Second Counts* (26/9/56).

RICHARD MALLETT



## ON THE AIR

Suggestions, Please

THE other evening Ronnie Waldman popped in front of the cameras to tell us what the new season of viewing had in store. I expected fireworks, lots of bright new ideas and a mushroom cluster of ascendant stars and starlets: confronted by the I.T.A.'s latest statistical successes (audience measurement in gross vulgar fractions) the B.B.C., I thought, would strain every nerve in its corporation to find new material. But no. The catalogue of forthcoming attractions contained all the old has-beens, never-wases and familiar faces—quiz games, parlour tricks, amateur talent-patting competitions, imported films, sessions with the disc-jockeys, the Groves, the Lustgarten-Romney mushraking show, the Eamonn Andrews probe into private lives. And from a careful study of *Radio Times* I gather that sound radio too has cleared its decks for action and then put back all the ancient impedimenta.

Well now, since the B.B.C. always claims that it welcomes new ideas, I invite it to welcome the following additions to its series of panel competitions:

1. A programme matching the wits of the young contestants in "Top of the Form" against the famous panelists of "What's My Line?" "Find the Link," "The Name's the Same" and "Down You Go." "Top of the Form" (Light), put together and compèred most effectively by Tom Williams, Joan Clark, John Ellison and Robert MacDermot, is an excellent series. It is good for the



schools and children participating, and it is a delight to the listener. I never fail to marvel at the assurance and erudition of these prize-winning specimens of the younger generation, and it is one of my dearest wishes to see and hear them knocking spots off the professional empanelled brains of radio and TV. In round one I should set the girls of Sutton Coldfield High School for Girls against Jerry Desmonde, Lady Barnett, David Nixon and Mr. Panel himself.

2. A programme in which professional musicians who approve only of either classics or jazz try their hands at the music they hold in contempt. It would be great fun—and, I think, rather surprising—to hear what Sir Malcolm's boys could make of a typical Goodman or Armstrong number, and what Al Stomp and his Hot Seven would make of a little

number by Vivaldi or Khachaturian. The panel of judges would, of course, be drawn from the palm and "pop" fields of entertainment and their verdict would be recorded on one of those devilishly clever machines called the "applausograph" or "cheermeter."

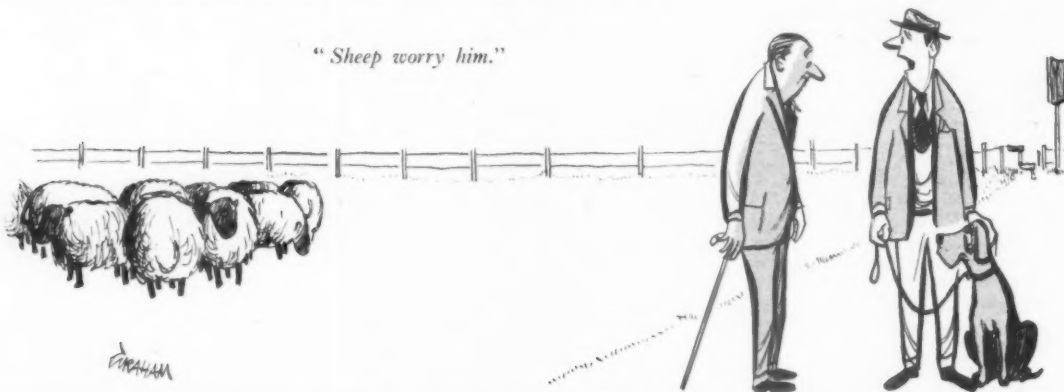
3. A programme (and I am still serious) in which Wilfred Pickles, Edana Romney and Eamonn Andrews vie with each other in raising lumps in viewers' throats. The competitors would toss for choice of pensioners, maladjusted wives, loveless bairns and other unfortunates, and after each performance Richard Dimbleby (Chairman) would run his tape-measure round the throats of a jury consisting of Gladys Young, Vic Oliver, Christopher Mayhew, Flora

Robson, Billy Cotton and Rin Tin Tin. Call the programme "Ask Dimples!"

4. A programme testing the skill of the B.B.C.'s team of roving reporters. Under sealed orders a group of star trouble-spot spotters, headed by Woodrow Wyatt, Max Robertson, Wynford Vaughan Thomas and Christopher Chataway, would move south and east in search of adventure; and their interviews with disgruntled natives would be screened successively in a Window-on-the-World series called "Pandemonium." Marks would be awarded for interviews featuring peasants spitting on the Union Jack, and Arabs mouthing such phrases as "English no good—I hope them gone." A reporter becoming physically embroiled and suffering slight injury would secure bonus marks. The compère and adjudicator would be Aidan Crawley.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

"Sheep worry him."



NOTICE.—Contributions requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope. The entire copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will always consider requests from contributors for permission to reprint. CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade, except at the full retail price of 9d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Reg'd at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Entered as 2nd-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., P.O., 1903. Postage of this issue: Gt. Britain and Ireland 3d.; Canada 1½d.\* Elsewhere Overseas 2½d.† Mark Wrapper top left-hand corner \*"Canadian Magazine Post" †"Printed Papers—Reduced Rate."

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION RATES (Post paid) Home and Overseas £2.10.0 (U.S.A. \$7.25). With Almanack £2.12.9 (U.S.A. \$7.75). By Canadian Mag. Post £2.5.6 (\$6.50). With Almanack £2.8.3 (\$7.00).



## ***Advance in antiseptics***

**B**ETTER PROTECTION against bacteria than has previously been possible—that is what the new Savlon Liquid offers. It contains chlorhexidine—an I.C.I. discovery which has come to the forefront in modern antiseptic practice as one of the most powerful yet safest germ killing agents known to medical science.

Savlon is an all-purpose antiseptic which is

highly efficient and reliable for every first-aid, personal and domestic use. It cleanses as it disinfects and, although so powerful, it has no harmful effect on the skin, and is entirely safe.

Let Savlon Liquid be *your* safeguard against infection and ask your chemist for this new all-powerful antiseptic—there is no substitute for Savlon Liquid.

# **Savlon** LIQUID ANTISEPTIC

From your chemist—2/9 (inc. tax)



# This washing machine

Washdays are so much *easier* with the New Streamlined English Electric Washing Machine.

## is new—streamlined!

The extra BIG tub holds more and gets a really large family wash spotlessly clean *in minutes*.

## With 'finger-tip control'

And before you know it, *this* Washing Machine will have paid for itself in laundry bills—over and over again.

## it heats the water—

The simple controls are at your finger-tips.

## boils if required

At the turn of a knob this wonderful work-saver

## Washes carefully—wrings

washes thoroughly yet gently, wrings and empties—automatically.

## and empties itself

It also heats the water—boils if required!

## —all automatically

Which easy payment plan do YOU prefer?

### 8/8

for Standard Model with 'Packaway' wringer. Heater Model (illustrated) heats and boils the water, 10/3d a week for 2 years—down payment £44.9.11d.

**A WEEK FOR 2 YEARS  
AND £37.8.2 DOWN**

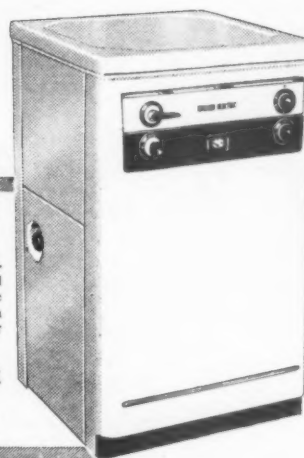
OR

### £9 11.0

for Standard Model with 'Packaway' wringer. Heater model (illustrated) heats and boils the water. £10.16.0 down and 43/5 a week for 9 months.

**DOWN AND 36/3 A WEEK  
FOR 9 MONTHS**

Cash prices, inc. Tax. Standard Model £74.16.3. Heater Model £88.19.9



# ENGLISH ELECTRIC

BRINGING YOU BETTER LIVING



## Stainless Steel in the home...



"SILVER FOX"



STAINLESS STEEL

*the metal of the age*

*Natural colour photograph by courtesy of  
Redwing Limited, Croydon.*

## It's child's play.....

with a stainless steel kitchen. The hard scratch-resisting surfaces are entirely unaffected by heat and food acids. It is easy to keep spotlessly clean and is permanently attractive. Stainless steel will give a lifetime's service.

THE UNITED  
**STEEL**  
COMPANIES LTD

SAMUEL FOX & COMPANY LIMITED

A Subsidiary Company of The United Steel Companies Limited  
STOCKSBRIDGE WORKS · Nr. SHEFFIELD · ENGLAND

Write to Sales Development  
Department  
for this free booklet.



THE

**Hawkins**

NEW  
^

Punch, October 24 1956

SYSTEM OF

## CONVECTOR HEATING

CHOICE OF **6 COLOURS** TO SUIT YOUR TASTE



EAU DE NIL



MUSHROOM



IVORY



WHITE



PINK



GOLD



Designed  
by

Lonsdale  
Hands

*All Central Heating advantages  
at a fraction of the cost!*

- Effective control of operating cost.
- No wastage of poor quality costly coal.
- No dirty grates or dust.
- No heating of chimneys.
- No installation upheaval.
- No ugly pipes or unsightly water radiators.
- You pay for the cosy warmth circulating in every corner—nothing more.
- You can start your Hawkins System for as little as £7. 3. 2 in a power wired room. Compared with this, Central Heating costs £40 per room to install.

**Hawkins**

New  
^  
System of  
Convector Heating

Write for details today and name of nearest Stockist. L. G. Hawkins & Co. Ltd., 30/35 Drury Lane, London, W.C.2, Dept. P1

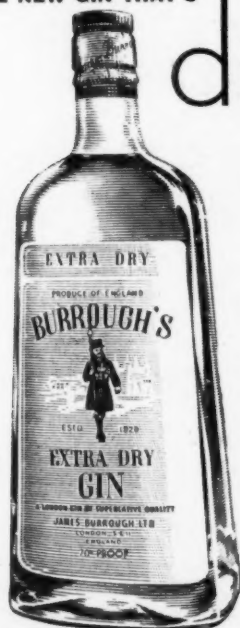


COME AND SEE the NEW Sumrie Shop for Men at Robinson & Cleaver in Regent Street which is now open for the man whose clothes *must* be good—really good. Here he will discover a new conception of the art of being clothed *immediately* and immaculately within a moderate budget.

100 or so fittings in all sizes in superb 'Golden Grade' materials.

**THE NEW SUMRIE SHOP FOR MEN**  
at Robinson & Cleaver, Regent Street, London, W.1  
AND AT OTHER GOOD STORES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

THE NEW GIN THAT'S



different

**Different in taste**—One sip and you'll be enjoying the difference... its subtle dryness and velvet soft, mellowness.

**Different in looks**—Crystal clear and bottled in a new gracious bottle, which in itself bespeaks the quality that surrounds this different gin.

**Because it's distilled differently**—Extra Dry is triple distilled—the London gin that is distilled from grain.

**BURROUGH'S**  
extra-dry GIN

Burrough's Extra Dry costs 35/6 a bottle, a little more than other gins, but you'll agree the difference in price is absurdly small for the vast difference in quality. Ask your wine merchant.

JAMES BURROUGH LTD.  
75 CALE DISTILLERY  
HUTTON ROAD, LONDON, S.E.11  
Distillers of fine gins since 1820

**This is**



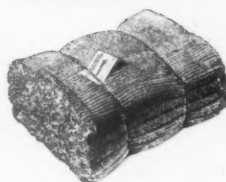
**how the**



**Leeming Service**



**works ...**



Each week we make a regular, prompt delivery of cloths for cleaning machinery to our customers, and take away the used cloths. We make no charge for losses.

The cloths are specially made for this purpose in our own three modern factories—soft, absorbent, counted, bundled in 50's and delivered on the same day each week to your own requirements. We have been doing this since 1872, and have some of our original customers still on our books.

We have extended our service till it covers all the country and includes most of the firms whose names are household words.

The cost is less—much less—than that of using rags!

**Leeming Brothers**  
*Limited*

SALFORD · 3 · LANC'S  
TEL: MANCHESTER BLACKFRIARS 2561 (5 LINES)

May we send you samples and particulars?

LB122

**FLY TO TRIPOLI FOR STERLING**

**AREA SUNSHINE**

Fascinating Tripoli, on the Mediterranean shores of Africa (the Barbary coast of seafaring history) is wonderful from October to March: average sunshine over 7 hours a day. Bright blue skies, fine beaches, excellent hotels, casino. No Travel Allowance worries, for Tripoli is in the Sterling Area. And Travel Agents here are co-operating with BEA to offer this superb value-for-money holiday.



**Special offer!**

10 days 'all-in' at an excellent Tripoli hotel, including flying BEA Elizabethan there and back,

from **70 GNS.**  
inclusive, from London.

Post this coupon for full details:  
To Tripoli, Dept. (O), BEA,  
Dorland House, 14/20 Lower  
Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_



# JEREZ CREAM

Choicest Old  
Oloroso  
SHERRY

Rich and Luscious  
with the outstanding  
quality and flavour  
that only AGE, EX-  
PERT SELECTION  
and BLENDING in  
JEREZ (Spain) can  
produce

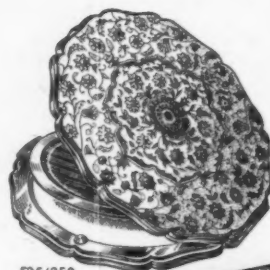
Shipped only by  
**WILSON &  
VALDESPINO**  
JEREZ · SPAIN



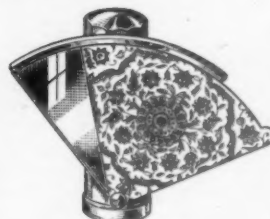
Obtainable from all leading Wine Merchants

## Innovation by Stratton!

Compacts with  
Matching Accessories



525/259



75/259



55/259



65/259

From  
Jewellers,  
Stores  
or  
Chemists

COMPACTS  
by  
**Stratton**  
FOR SOLID OR LOOSE POWDER

525/259 "Princess" Com-  
pact with delicate jewel  
design on white or black  
ground. Self opening inner  
lid. From 33/9

55/259 Hinged Comb in  
case decorated with design  
to match. From 12/9

75/259 Fan Lipstick  
Mirror in jewel design  
to match. Holds any  
popular size Lipstick.  
From 19/3

65/259 Pill Box in gilt  
with jewel design on  
lid. From 8/6

Mfrs. JARRETT, RAINSFORD & LAUGHTON LTD · BIRMINGHAM.

TO MAKE A  
*Life-Long*  
FRIEND



GIVE A  
*Life-Long*  
PROPELLING  
PENCIL

A VARIETY OF MODELS  
IN ROLLED GOLD SILVER OR NICKEL SILVER  
FROM LEADING JEWELLERS OR STATIONERS

## ROBERTS ORIGINAL BROWN WINDSOR SOAP

The choice of the discerning  
since Regency days

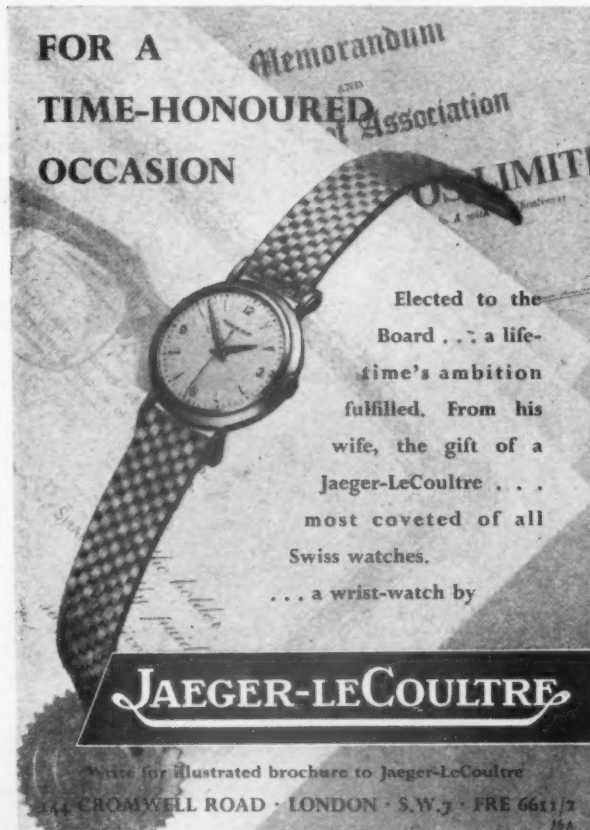
Toilet size 1/0 1/4 d, Bath Disk 2/1 d, per tablet  
From Boots and all other good Chemists



By appointment Toilet Soap Makers  
to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II

ROBERTS WINDSOR SOAP COMPANY LTD., WINDSOR, ENGLAND

FOR A  
TIME-HONOURED  
OCCASION



Elected to the  
Board . . . a life-  
time's ambition  
fulfilled. From his  
wife, the gift of a  
Jaeger-LeCoultre . . .  
most coveted of all  
Swiss watches.  
. . . a wrist-watch by

**JAEGER-LECOULTRE**

Write for illustrated brochure to Jaeger-LeCoultre  
244 CROMWELL ROAD · LONDON · S.W.3 · FRE 6611/7



*La Vicomtesse*

*by Wilsons of Griseley*

Your all-weather friend

**PESCO**

underwear

made by PETER SCOTT & CO. LTD. Hawick, Scotland  
London Showroom: Ulster Chambers, 168 Regent St. W.1



M.V. "RUAHINE" of 17,851 tons

MONTHLY SAILINGS  
FROM  
LONDON

138 LEADENHALL STREET, LONDON, E.C.3 (AVE 5220)  
OR YOUR LOCAL AGENT

**Lap-tab**  
BRITISH PATENT NOS.  
15114, 73825 & 732177  
PROV. PAT. 27741/54

**FOLDING  
ARMCHAIR TABLE  
MAKES HOMEWORK EASY!**



Thousands sold and every customer completely satisfied. Table top size 30" wide x 19" made of sheet steel, covered with beige felt, non-skid surface. Channels are provided for pens; also non-burn ash-trays. The telescopic leg, fitted with plastic foot, can be locked in any position between 20 ins. and its full extension of 33 ins. A first-class job beautifully finished. A "must" for students, invalids and all who take work home. You like it or we refund your money. Price, carr. paid (U.K. only) **£3.1.5**

Accepted by the Council of Industrial Design for inclusion in Design Review  
Send for folder "P" Put this on your Xmas list now  
**LAP-TAB LTD.** HASLUCKS GREEN RD, SHIRLEY, SOLIHULL, WARWICKSHIRE

A sherry that is sheer delight

A perfect gift to the most critical palate, Pintail is an exceptionally fine sherry, both pale and beautifully dry. Specially selected at Jerez this proud product of Spain is available in a trial pack of two bottles at 43/-; subsequent supplies at £12 per dozen bottles. Your orders will have prompt attention.

**Pintail** **SHERRY**

MATTHEW GLOAG & SON LTD., PERTH, SCOTLAND

Established 1800



Whatever the weather you are 'Set Fair' with a Battersby Weather-Resistant Hat

LOOK FOR THIS MARK



**Battersby**



'THE AMBASSADOR' HAT BY BATTERSBY

**WEATHER-RESISTANT HATS FOR MEN**

TRAFALGAR SQUARE • LONDON • OBTAINABLE FROM MOST GOOD HATTERS



PRESENTING THE LIGHTWEIGHT

**'Westar' Wafer**  
THE NEW ALL-TRANSISTOR  
HEARING AID

ACTUAL SIZE—thinner than a cigarette packet!  
Total weight (inc. battery) **only 3 ounces.**

- ★ No valves! instead miraculous TRANSISTORS—cut battery costs and give clearer, true-to-life reception.
- ★ Fully guaranteed with written warranty from Westrex—the pioneers of hearing aids.
- ★ Automatic Volume Control (continuously variable); combined on off switch and two-position Tone Control.
- ★ One tiny battery; uses only 1½ volts.
- ★ First-class service facilities for the years ahead.

**FOR FREE HOME TRIAL**

and descriptive leaflet, telephone REgent 1001, or write to Westrex Co., Ltd., Dept. B East India House, 20A, Regent Street, London, W.1.

NO OBLIGATION TO PURCHASE.

# Light up-this moment



FULL SIZE

10 FOR 1'7½

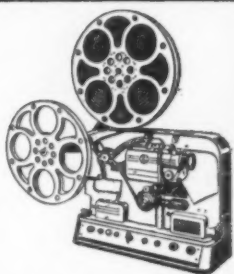
20 FOR 3'3



PLAYER'S

**BACHELOR**  
TIPPED

*You'll agree-they're good-very good!*



# BTH 451

The **FINEST** 16 mm  
magnetic-optical  
(sound film)  
**PROJECTOR**  
in the  
world

The '451' incorporates all that is best in the renowned model 401 plus additional features which place it so far ahead that it has no competitors.

Write to BTH for descriptive leaflets and the address of your nearest suppliers.



THE  
**BRITISH THOMSON-HOUSTON**  
COMPANY LIMITED, RUGBY, ENGLAND  
Member of the AEE Group of Companies

A4877

**"LA RIVA"**  
*always*

SPAIN'S FINEST  
**DRY SHERRY**

*the best buy*

**LION**  
FIREWORKS

## A powerful weapon in the fight against CATARRH & BRONCHITIS

STATISTICS SHOW that, in Britain alone, some 16,500,000 working days are lost every year because of bronchitis. This complaint, like catarrh, attacks people of all ages and in all sorts of occupations, and it is no wonder that research workers have spared neither time nor money in the quest for more effective treatment. Oral vaccination—the taking of vaccines by mouth—is today recognized as one of the best ways to fight catarrh, bronchitis, and other similar ailments, and Lantigen 'B' is a vaccine which has been developed specially for this purpose.

### What Lantigen 'B' does for you

Lantigen 'B' is prepared by skilled bacteriologists under medical direction. Although a vaccine, it is NOT injected, but taken in water like ordinary medicine. Acting on the vital tissue cells it encourages the natural protective forces of the body to counteract the invading microbes responsible for bronchitis and catarrh, and neutralizes the germ poisons they produce. Lantigen 'B', which is equally suitable for children, costs only a few pence a day for the recommended treatment, and can be purchased for 25/9 a bottle. Free leaflet from chemists, or from Lantigen (England) Ltd., Pinewood, Bagshot, Surrey.

# Lantigen 'B'



ORAL VACCINE TREATMENT

Over 5,000,000 bottles of Lantigen sold

*England's Finest*  
PADDED LEATHER  
Address Books  
*by Leathersmiths*

	Series No. 481	Series No. 482	Series No. 483
Antique Finish Leather 4" x 5 1/2" 9/-	4 1/2" x 5 1/2" 9/6	5 1/2" x 4 1/2" 10/6	
Morocco Leather " " 9/-	" " 10/3	" " 12/6	
Luxan Hide " " 9/6	" " 10/3	" " 13/-	
Hazel Pigskin Leather " " 12/-	" " 14/6	" " 18/-	

Gift Gift Boxed. At all stores and stationers

**T.J. & J. Smith Ltd.**  
12 HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.  
Telephone: LEgation 1144 (3 lines)

# BLUE NUN LABEL

THE  
CREAM OF ALL  
LIEBFRAUMILCH

THE  
RIGHT WINE  
RIGHT  
THROUGH  
THE MEAL



W. SICHEL & SONS LTD · LONDON · W.C.2

"It's PERFORMANCE with safety for me"

"I need DURABILITY"

"I'm looking for ECONOMY"

"I'm after TWO-PEDAL CONTROL"

"I want good SERVICE"



#### THE STANDARD SPORTSMAN

PRICE: £820 P.T. £411 · 7 · 0  
TOTAL £1231 · 7 · 0



#### THE VANGUARD ESTATE CAR

PRICE: £765 P.T. £383 · 17 · 0  
TOTAL £1148 · 17 · 0  
Laycock Overdrive optional extra



#### THE DE-LUXE VANGUARD III

PRICE: £625 P.T. £313 · 17 · 0  
TOTAL £938 · 17 · 0  
Normal model Price £899 · 17 · 0 incl. P.T.  
Laycock Overdrive optional extra



#### THE TRIUMPH T.R.3. SPORTS

WITH DISC BRAKES  
PRICE: £680 P.T. £341 · 7 · 0  
TOTAL £1021 · 7 · 0  
Laycock Overdrive optional extra



#### THE STANDARD FAMILY EIGHT

PRICE: £379 P.T. £190 · 17 · 0  
TOTAL £569 · 17 · 0



#### THE STANDARD SUPER EIGHT

PRICE: £405 P.T. £203 · 17 · 0  
TOTAL £608 · 17 · 0



#### THE SUPER TEN PHASE II

PRICE: £445 P.T. £223 · 17 · 0  
TOTAL £668 · 17 · 0  
Standrive £13 · 5 · 0 P.T. £6 · 12 · 6 Total £19 · 17 · 6  
Family Ten Price £578 · 17 · 0 incl. P.T.



#### THE STANDARD TEN COMPANION

PRICE: £485 P.T. £243 · 17 · 0  
TOTAL £728 · 17 · 0  
Standrive £13 · 5 · 0 P.T. £6 · 12 · 6 Total £19 · 17 · 6

And now

**STANDRIVE**

Incorporating New-standrive Patents

**Two-Pedal Control**

Standrive two-pedal control is now available on the Standard Super Ten and the Standard Ten Companion as an optional extra. Standrive provides the driver with all the advantages of an automatic clutch, enabling a clutchless gear change to be made. It permits leisurely change of gear or, when desired, a rapid shift into higher or lower ratios with equal smoothness and precision.

SEE THE  CARS STAND 142 & 165 EARLS COURT

The Standard Motor Co. Ltd., Coventry, England. London Showrooms: 15-17 Berkeley Sq., W.1. Tel: GRO 8181  
STANDARD CARS · TRIUMPH CARS · STANDARD COMMERCIAL VEHICLES · STANDARD DIESEL ENGINES · FERGUSON TRACTORS

LIVERPUDLIANA No. 6

# Forayne burges in Liv'pole

Extracts from Liverpool precedents  
(Municipal Records) Circa 1562



'Item—Wee p'sent fynd & bryng in francies Walwercke to have the libertie of a forayne burges of this towne bye marieng & taking to his wiefte . . . oone of the doughts & heys of John Toxtath decessed and now enjoying that halfie burgage of land as it is buylded, . . . in the Dale of Liv'pole in the tenure & occupacon of David Whitfield, Smith: And for his ingress & fine he paieth p'sentlie ijs vjd. (2s. 6d). to the Comyn Coffor & tresure ower & besyds the Recorders & Srgient fee, with a pot ale &c.'

A happier purchase the Corporation has made is the three trading estates at Speke, Aintree and Kirkby. They have every geographical advantage, an adequate labour force is available and all are geared to meet the demands of expanding production. Write for details to

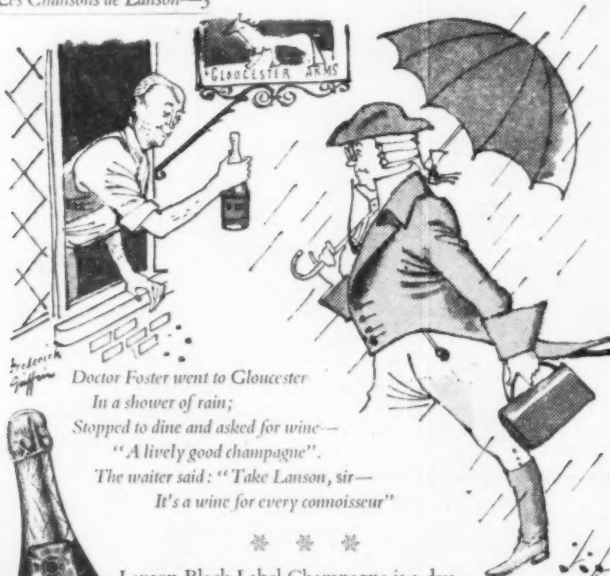
## LIVERPOOL

Centre of Industrial Prosperity

LIVERPOOL CORPORATION · DALE STREET · LIVERPOOL 1

cvs-28

Les Chansons de Lanson—3



Doctor Foster went to Gloucester  
In a shower of rain;  
Stopped to dine and asked for wine—  
"A lively good champagne".  
The waiter said: "Take Lanson, sir—  
It's a wine for every connoisseur"

Lanson Black Label Champagne is a dry wine — but not too dry — with plenty of life.

At 26/6 a bottle it will suit both your palate and your pocket — at all good wine merchants.



**Lanson**  
BLACK LABEL Champagne

Produced in Reims by Lanson père et fils since 1760



By appointment  
to the late  
King George VI



# 'PANTENE'

Science

at last discovers a

## Medicine

for the Hair

Sufferers from falling and thinning hair and those whose hair is lifeless and full of dandruff are now hailing a scientific discovery which has amazed the Continent. Countless bottles are already being sold in countries all over the world.

'PANTENE' is not a tonic it is a "Medicine for the Hair". 'PANTENE' contains 'Panthenol' the remarkable Vitamin of the B Complex, which is vital to vigorous healthy hair.

'PANTENE' IS A TREATMENT—perseverance is important. A daily massage into the scalp and you can watch the hair gleam under its nourishing influence.

At all good chemists and hairdressers 9/6d. and 16/6d. per bottle. Buy a bottle today.



Medicine

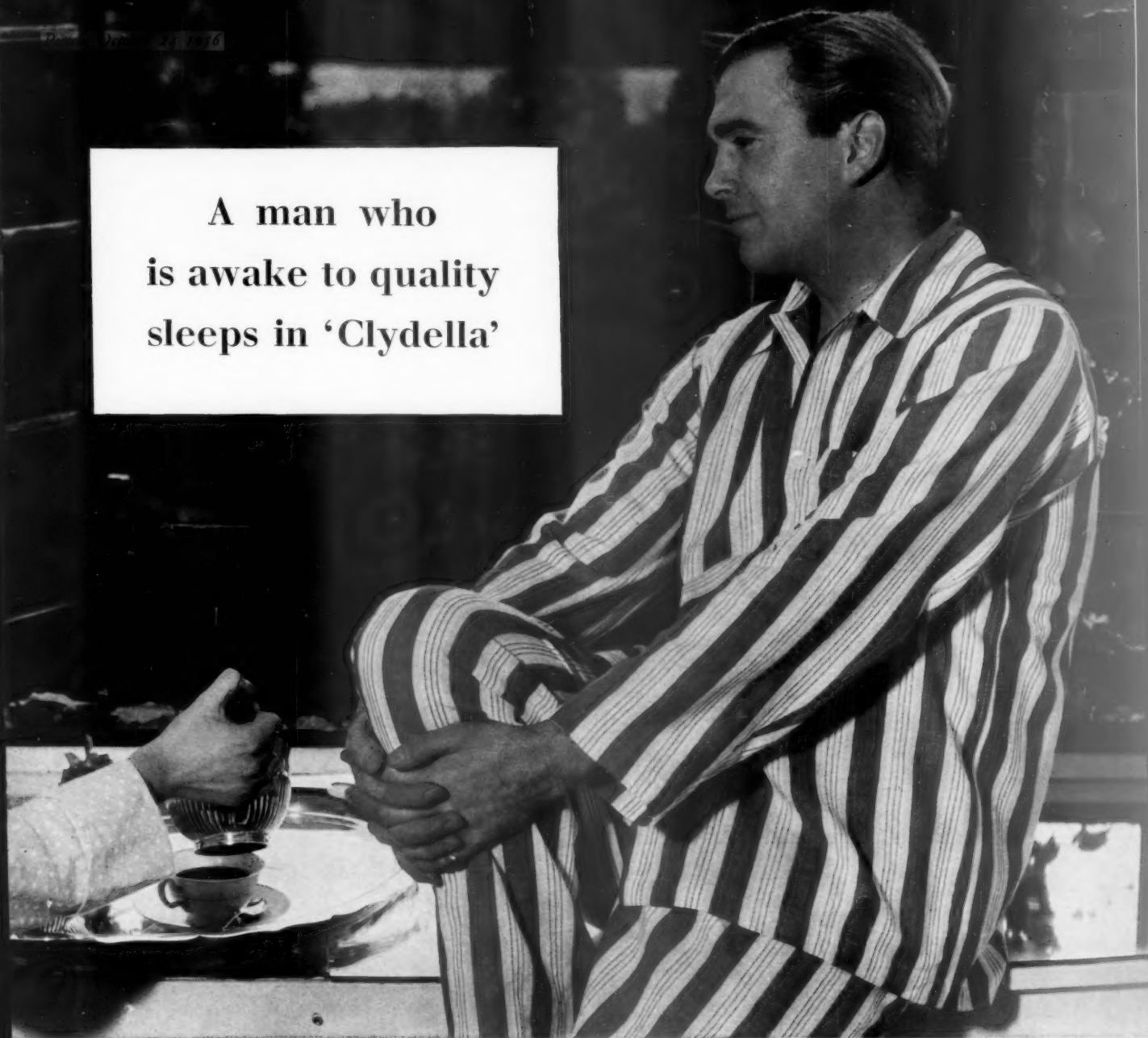
for the Hair

Manufactured in Great Britain

Sole Distributors: Thos. Christy & Co. Ltd., Aldershot, Hants.

THE NEW YORK TIMES 29 1936

A man who  
is awake to quality  
sleeps in 'Clydella'



In the shops you recognise 'Clydella' by the Day & Night label and the guarantee, IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE. That label is the symbol of both 'Viyella' and 'Clydella'.

But once you have worn them you recognise them by their *feel*. They are the most comfortable cloths ever made.

They have a remarkably soft 'handle' and yet they wear for years. 'Clydella' Pyjamas give you these years of comfort and pleasure for 59/6, sizes 38"—44".

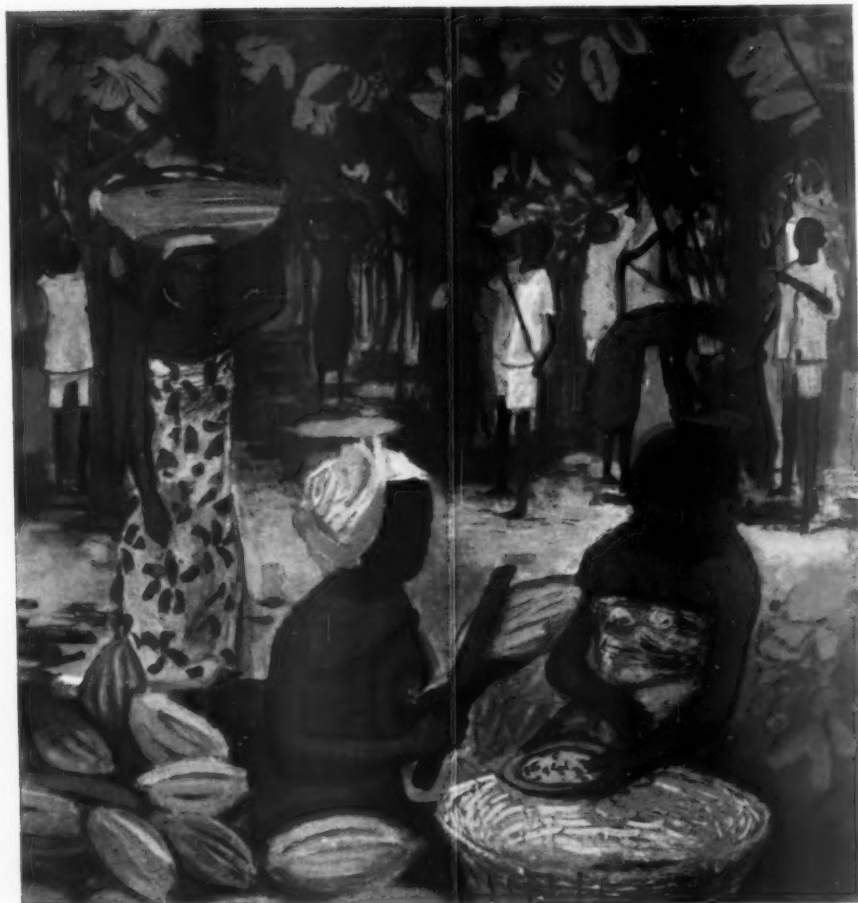
There's nothing to equal  
'Clydella'  
REGD.

IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE



MADE BY THE MAKERS OF 'VIYELLA'

## The case of *Acrocercrops cramerella*...



In the East Indies, particularly in Java, the cacao beans from which cocoa is made are heavily damaged by the small moth *A. cramerella* — the cacao pod borer. The pods are damaged directly by the boring larvae, and indirectly by fungi, which infect the boreholes, causing further destruction.

Cacao plants bear their pods throughout the year, thus the cycle of infection is continuous and has always been difficult to disrupt. Until recently, the only method was to strip the pods and flowers from the plants during a period of from three to six weeks annually, and so break the life cycle of the pests. Now this wasteful, expensive and, at best, temporary control is being replaced by spraying with endrin, a new Shell insecticide of great persistence.

Applied at very low dosage rates, endrin is being used increasingly in the East Indian cacao plantations. It not only controls *A. cramerella* but also destroys other insect pests, particularly the 'mosquito bug' *Helopeltis*. The result is greatly increased yields from an important crop, achieved at low cost.



*Endrin, aldrin, dieldrin . . . these three advanced insecticides developed by Shell are complementary to each other. Between them they control most of the major insect pests which menace agricultural production and public health throughout the world. Have you an urgent pest problem in your area?*

# endrin

endrin, aldrin and dieldrin are



insecticides for world-wide use

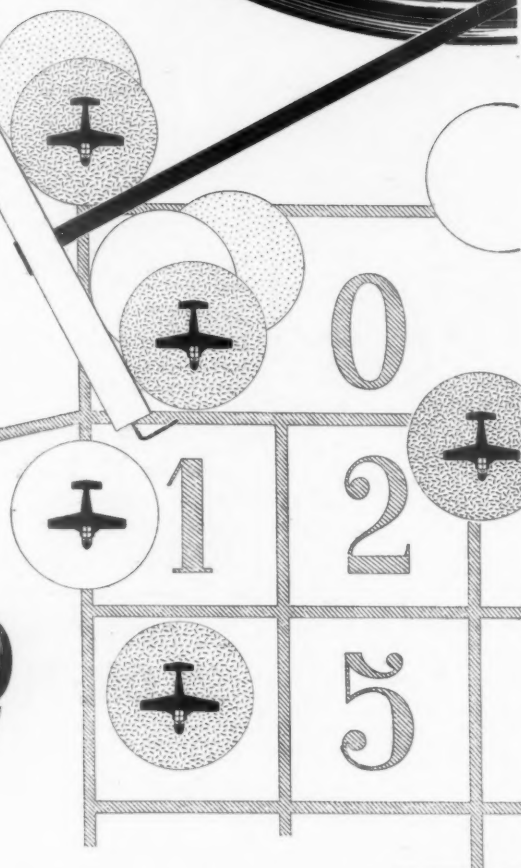
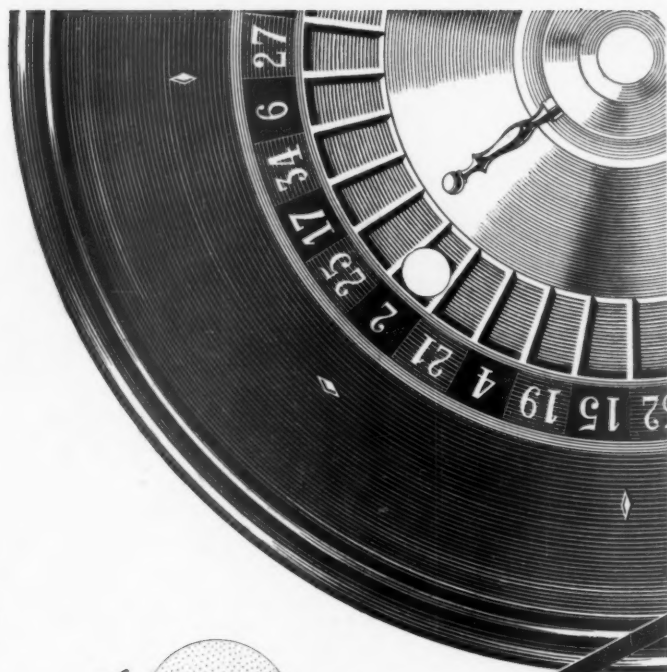
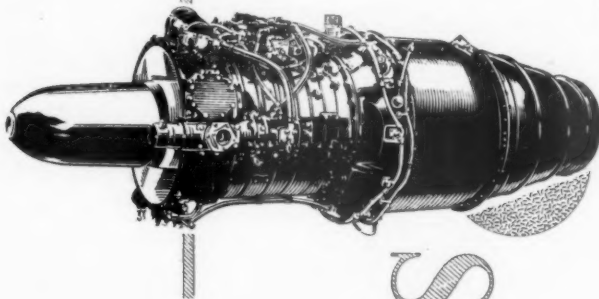
For further information apply to your Shell Company

Issued by The Shell Petroleum Company Limited, London, E.C.3, England

# Progress is no gamble...

In the design of aircraft engines, any form of speculative development—we think of it simply as gambling—may be not merely irresponsible, but positively destructive. Apparent but in the long run illusory success can cause irreparable loss of time, resources and initiative. That is why we cleave resolutely to the policy of systematic development which has produced such engines as the Viper turbojet, power plant of Britain's first basic jet trainer.

That is why we are ceaselessly exploring and extending the potentialities of these proven types, in constant, reliable readiness for the requirements of aircraft evolution.



**ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY AERO ENGINES**

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY, COVENTRY & BROCKWORTH

Members of the Hawker Siddeley Group



*How to  
recognise  
fine  
Brandy*



V.S.O.P

The finest brandy comes from the Grande and Petite Champagne districts of Cognac. Only Cognac originating from these two areas, at least half of which must be from the Grande Champagne, is entitled by French law to be called Fine Champagne Cognac.

Remy Martin produce Fine Champagne V.S.O.P. Cognac and *nothing less good*. They only offer for sale Brandy which has reached perfection. That is why when you insist on Remy Martin you can be sure of getting a *really fine Cognac*.

**REMY MARTIN**  
*Pride of Cognac*



## Stuart Crystal

Every wine is vintage when sipped from the gleaming beauty of Stuart Crystal. The signature on each piece is your guarantee of British artistry and craftsmanship at its best.



*I really must fly*

## SWISSAIR metropolitan

*the newest airliner in European service*

It's fine when you fly by Swissair Metropolitan—the newest Tourist Class airliner in European service, superbly furnished, *radar equipped to avoid bad weather*. Two seats only on either side, roomy and spacious for comfort; engine noise reduced to a murmur, powered for the smoothest, quietest flight. And for your further pleasure—Swissair courtesy, service and food that's an epicure's delight.



### NOW FLYING

London—Basle/Zurich

London—Geneva

Manchester—Zurich

Book through your  
Travel Agent NOW

# SWISSAIR



EUROPE MIDDLE EAST USA SOUTH AMERICA

Offices in: LONDON · MANCHESTER · GLASGOW · BIRMINGHAM · DUBLIN

*— never a cold corner anywhere  
it's OIL-FIRED*

"Littlewood", Dunchurch Road, Rugby, where Nu-way oil-firing ended all stoking problems.

Nu-way means no dirt, no work and no waste. Plentiful fuel supply. The drudgery of clearing boiler ashes and carrying heavy fuel buckets is a thing of the past.



THE LEADING NAME IN OIL-FIRING

NU-WAY HEATING PLANTS LTD.  
(BOX 512), DROITWICH.



**MEN  
that  
are right  
on top**

wisely insist on  
the best dressing  
for their hair—  
they insist on  
Pinaud Eau de Quinine  
—to give that healthy,  
smart appearance,  
with a manly perfume.

famous since 1810  
**Pinaud**  
Eau de Quinine  
HAIR TONIC  
with or without oil  
From high-class Chemists,  
Hairdressers, and Stores.



TIBI

*Liebfraumilch*  
**Red  
Siegel**

A  
Fine Hock!

14/64 FROM YOUR  
WINE MERCHANTS



**RUIZ  
Isabelita**

THE GREAT LADY  
OF SHERRIES

In Spain, ISABELITA is a legend. The famous Ruiz created it in honour of Queen Isabel II. A very little comes to England each year but it all has the mark of greatness. Isabelita is worth a connoisseur's trouble.

Ask your wine merchant for it  
Write for free handbook  
on sherry to RUIZ (Dept. P),  
34, Grosvenor Street, W.1.



The family tree of paper at Spicers  
is complete with all its branches.  
With almost the entire world of paper  
to choose from, Spicers advise upon and  
can provide exactly the right paper  
for any business and industrial need.

*All the best\**  
**PAPERS**  
*meet at*  
**SPICERS**

\* "Best"—not necessarily the rarest or most expensive, but always, unquestionably the best of its kind—whether for printing, packaging, wrapping or writing. Spicers personal writing papers are a good example; ask your stationer to show you the Spicers range—a wide choice of fine quality finishes at prices to meet every need.

A "SCOTCH" AND "POLLY"



The association of "Scotch" and "Polly" is still as happy after nearly sixty years as it was in 1898. Apollinaris has the unique quality of bringing out the true flavour of a whisky.

**A POLLINARIS**



### HOW A BUSY EXECUTIVE FOUND TIME TO GET FRESH

A BUSY CHAP THIS ONE! But is he hot and bothered? Not he! . . . not since he discovered the freshening-up properties of Prince Gourielli preparations! This exclusive range includes Shaving Cream, After-Shave, Tonic Hair Groom and Cologne, Soap and Talcum . . . all with a rugged, man-alive scent. They're available in handsome cocktail-shaker flasks, or non-spill plastic bottles, from half a guinea. Or (women-folk please note for Christmas!) there's a choice of Travel Kits, each containing three preparations. Now, our hero faces the morning-after—anything, cool and alert. An evening refresher course with his Prince Gourielli kit—and he's revived and invitingly nice to know! From good-class stores and chemists.



**PRINCE GOURIELLI**

*Toilet Preparations for Men*

Proprietors and Distributors: Helena Rubinstein Ltd., 3 Grafton Street, London, W.1

## A FRESH VIEW OF PIPE SMOKING

Next time you go to your tobacconist ask for Capstan Navy Cut Medium in the airtight tin. Capstan tobacco is so rich and fresh. Just open the tin and see how good it is—but then it's sure to be—it's made by Wills. At 4/9½d. an ounce—the 2 oz. airtight tin is 9/7d—Capstan tobacco really gives you a fresh view of smoking. There's something particularly soothing about a pipe and Capstan.



CT. 128

Also in Full Strength

## A cut above the rest

Superior faces. Superior shirts.

You can tell a Vantella.

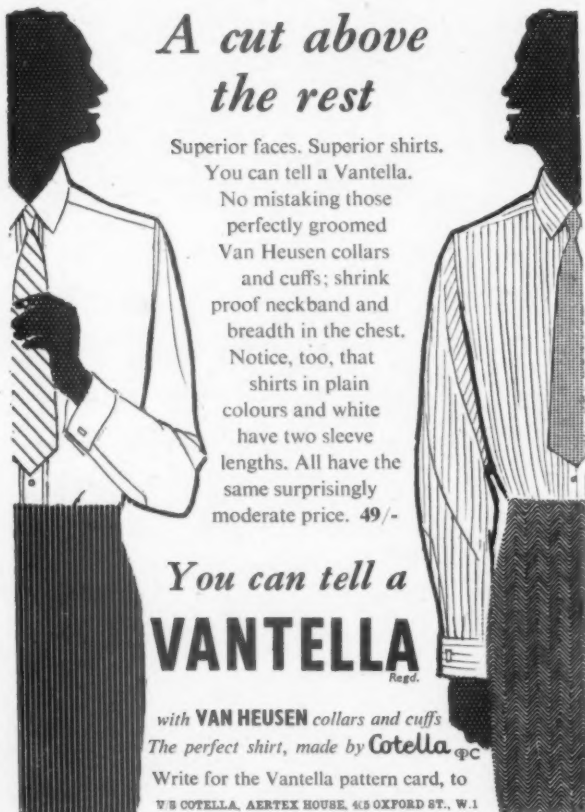
No mistaking those perfectly groomed Van Heusen collars and cuffs; shrink proof neckband and breadth in the chest. Notice, too, that shirts in plain colours and white have two sleeve lengths. All have the same surprisingly moderate price. 49/-

You can tell a  
**VANTELLA**

Regd.

with **VAN HEUSEN** collars and cuffs  
The perfect shirt, made by **Cotella** & Co.

Write for the Vantella pattern card, to  
V.S. COTELLA, AERTEX HOUSE, 4/5 OXFORD ST., W.1





What does  
**THE LONDON  
CORRESPONDENT**  
say today?

**T**HE DAY OF RECKONING—the day *after* the fire, when all that isn't burnt is soaked by the fireman's hose—is the day to be thankful. For then is the time you can be glad of your wisdom in being well assured—glad to know that your London Assurance Fire Policy will cover the damage and help you off to a fresh start.

#### AFTERMATHEMATICS

If a business goes up in flames, then obviously earning power and trading profits are going to go down. That's why it is always a good thing to re-inforce your Fire Policy with the additional protection of our Loss of Profits policy.

#### GETTING THE MOST OUT OF LIFE...

There are a great many ways in which Life Assurance can make life fuller and more solidly secure. All

are explained in our booklet 'How to be Well Assured'. It's free, and an eye-opener for anyone who's not quite sure what to make of Life Assurance.

\* \* \*

These are three policies from a wide selection. Should you want to know more about us, the rest of our policies, or insurance problems generally, our address is 1 King William Street, Dept 1, London, E.C.4.

**THE LONDON  
ASSURANCE**



*Very good people to deal with*

MCN8261

**Banister,  
Walton  
build  
in  
steel**



**BANISTER, WALTON & CO. LTD. STRUCTURAL STEEL (RIVETED-WELDED)**  
LONDON S.W.1, 82 Victoria St. MANCHESTER 17, Trafford Pk. BIRMINGHAM 18, 61/63 Western Rd.



... symbol of quality known the world over, endorse the quality and dependability of Champion Spark Plugs.



**ROLLS-ROYCE  
&  
BENTLEY  
CARS**

*are fitted with*

**CHAMPION**

**SPARK PLUGS**



M3

CHAMPION SPARKING PLUG COMPANY LIMITED FELTHAM MIDDLESEX



## *don't shoot the selectors . . .*

When a team plays badly, who gets the blame? Nine times out of ten it's the selectors. But just be careful next time you join in condemning them. You see, if you drive a car, you're a selector yourself. You are responsible for the smooth running of your "team".

Take the forward line for instance, the tyres. They make the running and they must be absolutely fit. If one is too old to stand the pace, drop it and bring in a new one. But make sure it's a Dunlop, the tyre that never lets the side down. At home or away, in every season, Dunlop keeps the team running smoothly and efficiently.



"Look after me and I'll serve you longer. Write for my free booklet, 'Taking good care of your Car Tyres,' to Dunlop Rubber Co. Ltd., Advertising Dept., H.P.6, Erdington, Birmingham, 24".

# **DUNLOP** *tyres*